ANGEL & FAITH™

CHRISTOS GAGE

REBEKAH ISAACS

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
JOSS WHEDON

PHIL NOTO

CHRIS SAMNEE

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SEASON 9 VOLUME 1

The supernatural world is reeling after the loss of magic in Joss Whedon's best-selling series *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* Season 8, a prelude to the events that shape *Angel & Faith*.

Throughout history Angel has had a lot to atone for, but it's his most recent mistake that may forever alter the course of this fan-favorite antihero—the murder of one of Buffy's most trusted allies. In his ongoing search for redemption, Angel believes he's found a way to make amends—by reviving the dead! Cue Faith—a rebel Slayer charged with helping Angel recover in the aftermath of his biggest misdeed. Past, present, and potential future threats emerge as this unlikely duo battle the forces of evil in the dark streets of London.

Plagued by the most personal of demons, Angel and Faith travel a tumultuous road laid by the celebrated team of writer Christos Gage (*Avengers Academy*) and artist Rebekah Isaacs (*DV8*), as well as guest artists Chris Samnee and Phil Noto.

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RUPER LES
1955

From the journal of Rupert Giles--

From time to time I am asked--by people with an alarming lack of tact--why a man like myself, who has demonstrated an affinity for working with children, has none of his own.

I answer truthfully.

EXORCIZAMUS TE, OMNIS IMMUNDE SPIRITUS!

LIVE THROUGH THIS

PART ONE

Other people's children are quite enough, thank you.

HANNAH, STOP IT! HE'S HERE TO HELP! HANNAH!

HANNAH, PLEASE... IT'S MUMMY...!

M-MUMMY? HELP ME, MUMMY... I'M FRIGHTENED... I'M COLD...

Furthermore...

...AND I'M *HUNGRY.*

...the women one meets in my profession tend to be preoccupied with matters other than marriage.

ANNE, WE'VE BEEN *OVER* THIS. THAT IS *NOT* YOUR DAUGHTER.

IT *IS*...SHE'S *IN* THERE. *PLEASE*, MR. GILES, I'M *BEGGING* YOU...

And talking of that profession, it is extremely demanding. The parents I know-- well, that is to say, the good ones--

--would do anything for their children. They place them first, no matter how difficult that may be.

SAVE HER.

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO...JUST *SAVE HER.*

I must place the greater good above all. Regardless of how difficult that may be.

VERY WELL.

I'd deduced the reason my exorcism failed.

I was dealing with a Plagiarus demon, whose ability to inhabit a host body is not black magic, but an innate attribute of its species.

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T *BANISH* THE CREATURE. BUT I *CAN BIND* IT.

CONTAIN IT WITHIN YOUR DAUGHTER, POWERLESS, UNTIL I CAN REMOVE IT PERMANENTLY.

YES, YES! JUST HELP HER!

TO SOMA, EI FILAKI. EI ZOE MOU, O TOIXOS.

What I did not confide in Anne was that, in order to hold, the binding spell called for far more power than my rather modest magical talents could manage.

AH!

QUIET, DAMNED THING.

Anchoring the spell required a sacrifice.

A dear one.

STAMATA!

SHREEEE

HANNAH, OH, THANK GOD, BABY...!

The fabric holding the spell together was my life.

MR. GILES, YOU'RE BLEEDING--

YES, WELL...IT'S SHALLOW. I'M MAKING A DREADFUL MESS OF YOUR TOWELS, BUT I'M...QUITE FINE.

Specifically, one of the best days of my life.

I'm not certain which one. That day is gone from my memory now.

I don't know precisely what I've lost.

But its absence leaves an ache I believe I shall carry with me forever.

I WAS LUCKY.

I was lucky. A centimeter deeper, or to the left or right, and I would have bled to death in a matter of seconds.

Which brings to mind a reason for not having children I rarely mention--the strong likelihood that I shall die violently, and well before my natural time.

YOU'RE FAR TOO KIND.

MR. GILES, *PLEASE*. YOU GAVE ME BACK MY DAUGHTER.

TEMPORARILY. THE SPELL WILL WEAKEN WITH TIME--I SHALL HAVE TO RETURN PERIODICALLY TO REINFORCE IT. OR, BETTER YET, REMOVE THE CREATURE ALTOGETHER.

As it is, my death would already leave far too many important matters at loose ends.

That is one of the unspoken purposes of the Watcher's Files.

BUT YOU *WILL* COME BACK? YOU *SWEAR?*

YOU HAVE MY SOLEMN PROMISE, ANNE.

So that, when the end comes for me, others might have the information they need to take up the burden.

YOU WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN.

May God have mercy on their souls.

HE CAN DO THIS.

I CAN'T DO THIS.

SO WHAT IF HE SPENT THE LAST FEW MONTHS STARING AT THE WALL...

...HE'S A VAMPIRE WITH A SOUL--BREAKS THE RULES BY EXISTING. IF ANYONE CAN GO FROM VEGETABLE TO BADASS OVERNIGHT, IT'S ANGEL.

RIGHT?

FOOL. YOUR MASTER WAS A MAGE, AND HE COULD NOT DEFEAT ME. A GUTTER DEMON LIKE YOU HAS LESS HOPE THAN A PEDERAST IN HELL.

IT'S RIGHT. I CAN'T FORCE IT OUT.

TIME WAS I WOULD'VE AGONIZED OVER THIS.

GILES? MY "MASTER"?

THAT WAS A DIFFERENT WORLD.

I SNAPPED HIS NECK LIKE A TWIG.

WON'T GO NEAR AS EASY FOR YOU.

SKREEE

HANNAH!

IT'S OKAY.

AND IF IT'S NOT, HE'LL KILL YOU TOO.

FILTH.

I SENSE THE MURDER IN YOU. THE RIVERS OF BLOOD THAT DRENCH YOUR HANDS.

I CANNOT SURVIVE THE DEATH OF MY HOST. SO I REQUIRE ANOTHER. EITHER YOU OR YOUR COW WILL DO NICELY.

GET OUT.

NOW. GENE SIMMONS'S TONGUE JUST CALLED ME *FAT.*

THINGS ARE ABOUT TO GET *NASTY.*

IT'S GOT A *BRAIN* IN HERE *SOMEWHERE...*

I'M JUST GONNA KEEP HACKING THINGS OFF UNTIL--

SHREEEEEEE

GUSHER!

WHUH--

DID IT GET YOU?

D-DIDN'T KNOW...IT'D BE LIKE...

WHAT?

THE... THE DAY GILES SACRIFICED...TO BIND THE DEMON. WHEN YOU KILLED IT, THE SPELL UNRAVELED...AND THE MEMORIES WENT INTO ME.

IT WAS THE DAY HE AND JENNY FELL IN LOVE.

JENNY *CALENDAR?* THE ONE YOU--I MEAN, *ANGELUS*--

YEAH.

"I KILLED THE WOMAN HE LOVED.

"HE FORGAVE ME.

"AND HE PAID THE PRICE."

ANGEL...

IS IT... DEAD?

IT'S DEAD. SORRY ABOUT THE MESS.

SOD THE MESS. YOU BIT MY DAUGHTER!

WE COULDN'T FORCE THE DEMON OUT OF HER. IT HAD TO BELIEVE I WAS GOING TO KILL ITS HOST SO IT WOULD LEAVE ON ITS OWN.

THE CUTS ARE SUPERFICIAL. I DIDN'T DRAIN ANY BLOOD. AND FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH...I REALLY AM SORRY.

SORRY WE SCARED YOU. IT WAS UNDER CONTROL THE WHOLE TIME.

THAT WHY YOU WERE REACHING FOR YOUR STAKE?

SHUT UP.

THEN IT'S FINALLY OVER. THANK GOD...AND MR. GILES. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE WOULDN'T FORGET US.

I THOUGHT I HEARD YOU SAY HIS NAME UNDER ALL THAT AWFUL SHRIEKING... HE *IS* THE ONE WHO SENT YOU?

HE... I...

YEAH.

HE DID.

I DIDN'T LIKE LYING TO HER.

HOW'S IT A *LIE?* ONE MINUTE I'M FEEDING YOU PIG'S BLOOD FROM A SIPPY CUP, READING YOU *WATCHER'S FILES* WHILE YOU STARE INTO SPACE AND DROOL...

...WHEN SUDDENLY, YOU'RE IN YOUR "HELPING THE HELPLESS" CLOTHES, READY TO KICK SOME DEMON ASS.

TO FINISH WHAT GILES STARTED. SO HE KINDA SENT YOU.

SAYING, "ACTUALLY, MA'AM, ANGEL HERE SMOKED GILES WHILE HE WAS POSSESSED BY A BIG BAD CALLED TWILIGHT" WOULD JUST KILL HER BUZZ.

WHICH, GRANTED, IS KINDA HOW YOU GET OFF. BUT SHE HAD A ROUGH DAY. I SAY CUT HER SOME SLACK.

THAT *WAS* WHAT BROUGHT YOUR MOJO BACK, RIGHT? WHAT GILES WROTE ABOUT THE LITTLE GIRL?

IT... OPENED MY EYES.

NOW THAT WE SAVED HER, YOU GONNA GO ALL SPACEY ON ME AGAIN?

I'LL BE FINE.

LOOK, I'LL GET HOME ON MY OWN. YOU'VE GOT PLACES TO BE.

YOU SURE? I COULD--

IT'S GOOD FOR THEM. AND IT'S GOOD FOR YOU.

GO ON. I'VE GOT PLENTY TO KEEP ME BUSY.

BRIXTON.

"ALL THE BEST CLUBS ARE IN DODGY AREAS. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, THE STREETS ARE LIT UP LIKE DAYTIME."

HNH. MAYBE IF CHAVS HADN'T SMASHED OUT HALF THE LAMPS. AND NOT A COPPER IN SIGHT, OF COURSE...BLOODY AUSTERITY--

--MEASURES...

RRRAAAGGHH

--GUHH!

BASTARD!

COME ON! I'LL KILL YOU ALL! I'LL--

--FAITH?

EASY, NADIRA. I'M JEALOUS OF YOUR RACK TOO, BUT YOU DON'T SEE ME TRYING TO POKE HOLES IN IT.

THAT *WASN'T* BLOODY FUNNY!

WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE.

WE'VE ALL *HAD* SLAYER TRAINING. WE DON'T NEED YOU TO KEEP US SHARP.

YEAH. YOU'RE PRETTY SHARP ALREADY.

C'MON, LET'S GO IN.

TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED.

YOU JUMPED OUT AT ME LIKE A MAD--

DON'T.

I KNOW THE OTHER GIRLS IN YOUR SQUAD DIED. FIGURED I DIDN'T NEED TO HEAR MORE UNLESS YOU WANTED ME TO.

BUT WHEN YOU'RE WOUND THIS TIGHT, BAD THINGS HAPPEN. TAKE MY WORD FOR IT.

YOUR NEW FRIENDS COULD END UP LIKE YOUR OLD ONES.

WE WERE TRAINING. IN THE AZORES. ABOUT THIRTY OF US.

THEY WERE FAMILY. I WOULD HAVE *DIED* FOR THEM.

I *SHOULD* HAVE.

"I'D PULLED GUARD DUTY. IT WAS MY *JOB* TO WARN THEM. BUT I NEVER SAW IT COMING.

"THEY WERE... HAVING *FUN.* THE MORE OF US THEY KILLED, THE MORE EXCITED THEY GOT. ACTUALLY SEEMED TO SHINE *BRIGHTER.*

"THEY CALLED EACH OTHER *PEARL* AND *NASH.* AND THERE WAS SOMEONE *WITH* THEM. THEIR *BOSS.*

"THEY WERE TRYING TO IMPRESS HIM. DOING...WORSE AND WORSE THINGS.

"HE JUST FLOATED THERE. LIKE IT WAS *NOTHING.*

"THEY CALLED HIM *TWILIGHT.*"

I ALMOST DIED. *WILLOW* FOUND ME... HEALED ME.

I'VE LEARNED TO BE GRATEFUL.

YOU--WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?

I HEAR THINGS. ABOUT YOU.

THAT YOU'RE FRIENDS WITH HER. *BUFFY.* OR THAT YOU TRIED TO KILL HER. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S TRUE.

IT'S... COMPLICATED.

YEAH, LOT OF MIXED FEELINGS AFTER WHAT SHE DID. CUTTING EARTH OFF FROM THE MAGICAL REALMS...MAKING IT SO THERE WON'T BE MORE SLAYERS...

I SAY LEAVE HER BE. I HEARD SHE WENT FROM SLAYER IN CHIEF TO *WAITRESS.* THAT'S PUNISHMENT ENOUGH.

BUT TWILIGHT TURNED OUT TO BE HER BLOKE. *ANGEL.*

ALL THE NIGHTS I WANTED TO GIVE UP...JUST *DIE*...ONE THING GOT ME OUT OF BED.

YOU BROUGHT US TOGETHER. SHOWED ME MY LIFE ISN'T OVER. I OWE YOU MORE THAN I CAN SAY.

SO YOU SHOULD KNOW... I'M GOING TO FIND THE BASTARDS WHO KILLED MY SISTERS. I'M GOING TO FIND ANGEL.

AND I AM GOING TO KILL THEM ALL.

HEY.

WE ALL GOTTA DREAM.

ELSEWHERE.

THE BIG MOMENTS ARE GONNA COME, CAN'T HELP THAT. IT'S WHAT YOU DO AFTERWARDS THAT COUNTS. THAT'S WHEN YOU FIND OUT WHO YOU ARE.

LET ME GUESS, *WHISTLER*... YOU HAVE SOME SUGGESTIONS.

MENU

HEY, YOU KNOW MY SHTICK. I'M ALL ABOUT MAINTAINING BALANCES. AND THERE AIN'T MUCH BALANCE GOING AROUND LATELY.

EARTH'S CUT OFF FROM THE MYSTIC DIMENSIONS. THE ONLY MAGICAL CRAP THAT STILL WORKS IS STUFF THAT'S SELF-POWERED.

I CAN'T CONTACT MY BOSSES AT POWERS THAT BE, L.L.C., AND MY PRECOGNITION'S BEEN ALL OUTTA WHACK. LIKE TRYIN' TO WATCH SCRAMBLED PORN.

ALL 'CAUSE A CERTAIN VAMPIRE WITH A SOUL GOT IT IN HIS POINTY LITTLE HEAD HE COULD JUST BLOW OFF WHAT I TOLD HIM.

AND YOUR WHINING'S SUPPOSED TO ACCOMPLISH WHAT, EXACTLY?

IT'S SUPPOSED TO CONVINCE YOU TO *HELP.*

BECAUSE THAT WORKED OUT SO WELL LAST TIME?

LISTEN, YOU WERE TRYING TO MAKE THINGS BETTER. HELP US *EVOLVE.* THAT STILL NEEDS TO HAPPEN. MORE THAN EVER.

THE WORLD WE GOT NOW'S LIKE A CHICKEN WITH ITS HEAD CUT OFF. RUNNING AROUND NOT REALIZING IT'S DEAD.

AND SINCE I'M ON A ROLL WITH THE POULTRY METAPHORS, WHAT I NEED IS SOMEONE WHO'S WILLING TO BREAK A WHOLE BOATLOAD OF EGGS TO MAKE A SALVATION OMELET.

I KNOW THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE TRYING TO DO BEFORE, AND I KNOW IT ENDED BAD. BUT THAT'S ALL THE MORE REASON WE GOTTA FIND ANOTHER WAY.

I'M NOT GONNA LIE. IT WON'T BE EASY. IT WON'T BE PRETTY. AND YOU'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO GO UP AGAINST ANGEL--

STOP.

BRING IN THE NEXT STAGE OF EVOLUTION AND GET PAYBACK ON OUR OLD BOSS?

SOMEONE'S BEEN PEEKING AT OUR DREAM BOARD.

RESIDENCE OF THE LATE RUPERT GILES.

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY, FAITH?

THAT SHE'S *WRONG.* SHE WAS DELIRIOUS... HALLUCINATING... THAT IT WAS A FRICKIN' ILLUSION OR EVIL TWIN OR A *COSPLAYER* WEARING YOUR TWILIGHT OUTFIT.

I WANT YOU TO SAY IT WASN'T YOU!

NASH AND PEARL...THEY'RE CRAZY, BUT STRONG. THEY FEED OFF PRIMAL EMOTIONS...FEAR, LUST, DEATH...IT CHARGES THEM UP.

THEIR MOTHER BRED WITH A DEMON-- ON *PURPOSE.* SHE TOLD THEM THEY WERE THE FUTURE, THE ADAM AND EVE OF A NEW STAGE IN EVOLUTION.

AND THEY WORSHIPED TWILIGHT LIKE A GOD.

I TOLD THEM IF THEY FOLLOWED ME, THEY'D...ACHIEVE THEIR DESTINY. THAT'S WHAT I WAS DOING. BRINGING THE BAD GUYS TOGETHER.

FOCUSING THEM. MANIPULATING THEM. SO BUFFY COULD SURVIVE, STAY STRONG, AND DO WHAT SHE HAD TO.

Y'KNOW WHAT? YOUR WHOLE TWILIGHT PHASE MAKES ABOUT AS MUCH SENSE AS A DAVID LYNCH MOVIE.

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T SEEN WHAT I HAVE.

"I SAW LOS ANGELES GO TO HELL. *LITERALLY.* WE FIXED IT, AND NO ONE REMEMBERS NOW...BUT *I* DO.

"I WAS TOLD THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP THAT FROM HAPPENING TO THE *WHOLE WORLD* WAS TO BE TWILIGHT."

SO YEAH. I DID BAD THINGS. WORKED WITH BAD PEOPLE.

I TRIED TO KEEP NASH AND PEARL CONTAINED... ONLY SEND THEM AGAINST RIVAL DEMONS... NONHUMAN TARGETS.

BUT I'D BE A FOOL AND A LIAR IF I TOLD YOU I'M SURPRISED THEY WENT OFF THE RESERVATION.

I DON'T REMEMBER THE INCIDENT YOUR FRIEND MENTIONED. BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN IT DIDN'T HAPPEN.

THERE WERE TIMES, ESPECIALLY TOWARD THE END, WHEN I WAS MORE UNDER TWILIGHT'S INFLUENCE THAN OTHERS.

LIKE WHEN YOU KILLED GILES. B SAID WHEN IT WAS OVER, YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED.

SO IT WASN'T YOU.

I WISH I COULD SAY THAT. I REALLY DO. BUT THERE WERE TOO MANY TIMES I WAS IN MY RIGHT MIND. TIMES I COULD'VE TURNED BACK...ASKED MORE QUESTIONS...

...REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT I WAS DOING. BUT I DIDN'T. AND NOW I HAVE MORE DEATH ON MY CONSCIENCE THAN ANGELUS *EVER* DID.

R. GILES

MORE GOOD PEOPLE TAKEN FROM THE WORLD BECAUSE *I* WAS WEAK.

LISTEN...ANGEL...IT'S NICE YOU WANNA PICK UP THE BALL FOR GILES. I'M DOWN. HELL, I'M KINDA DOING THE SAME THING WITH THE GIRLS.

AND I'M ALL FOR USING THE WATCHER'S FILES TO FIND PEOPLE WHO NEED HELP, DEMONS WHO NEED KILLING, THE WHOLE NINE.

BUT YOU GOTTA STOP OBSESSING OVER EVERY DETAIL OF HIS LIFE. IF YOU WANNA TAKE HIS PLACE WITHOUT GOING CRAZY--

TAKE HIS PLACE?

I COULD NEVER TAKE HIS PLACE.

I'M GOING TO BRING GILES BACK TO LIFE.

THE ONE WITH THE BRIEFCASE! HE'S RABBITING!

I'VE GOT HIM!

LIVE THROUGH THIS PART TWO

DAMN IT, NADIRA, WAIT FOR BACKUP!

SKANG

I'M SURROUNDED BY CRAZY PEOPLE.

GIMME A SECOND, I'LL--HNH!
C-COLD...
AND THEY'RE GONNA BE THE DEATH OF ME.
NO WORRIES. THE DAY I CAN'T HANDLE A SINGLE VAMPIRE...
WILL BE A NEW DAY.
WHERE THE OLD RULES DON'T APPLY...
...AND YOU EITHER CHANGE WITH THE TIMES...
...OR GO EXTINCT!
BRRTTTT
AH!
IF THEY DON'T GET THEMSELVES KILLED FIRST.

HAAA HA HA!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, YOUR CUTE LITTLE MEDIEVAL WEAPONS DON'T RATE AGAINST SEMIAUTO?

URK.

SLKK

PAFF

DUSTED. HANG ON, FAITH, BACKUP'S COMING!

F-FIVE BY FIVE OVER HERE.

THIS MONSTER WOULD EAT HER ALIVE. GIRL'S ALL RAGE, NO BRAINS, AND FIGHTING AIN'T THERAPY.

SAYS THE CHICK WHO HAULED ASS HERE THE SECOND I GOT HER CALL, SO I DIDN'T HAVE TO THINK ABOUT WHAT ANGEL SAID--

WHUFF!

THIS IS POINTLESS. I HAVE WHAT I CAME FOR.

ENJOY THE MERCHANDISE. YOU'LL NEED IT IF YOU KEEP INTERFERING IN MATTERS THAT AREN'T YOUR CONCERN.

*TAKING OFF WITH THE CASH. **SOMEBODY'S** GOT THEIR PRIORITIES IN ORDER.*

TIMES ***ARE*** TOUGH, IF DEMONS ARE DEALING COKE NOW.

AH, FAITH, I'M HARDLY RICK JAMES...

BUT I DON'T THINK THIS IS COCAINE.

THOUGH I'LL BE BUGGERED IF I KNOW WHAT IT IS.

SMELLS LIKE RANCID MILK. DON'T TOUCH IT.

I'LL ASK AROUND. I KNOW PEOPLE.

I HOPE SO. BECAUSE IT WASN'T ONE OF US WHO DUSTED THAT VAMPIRE, AND I'D BLOODY WELL LIKE TO KNOW WHO'S RUNNING AROUND LONDON WITH A BROADSWORD.

FRIEND OF YOURS?

ANYONE CUTTING HEADS OFF BLOODSUCKERS IS A FRIEND OF MINE.

I HEAR ANYTHING, I'LL LET YOU KNOW.

AND THE QUEEN OF AVOIDANCE STRIKES AGAIN.

TOO BAD THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU CAN'T DUCK FOREVER.

THAT WAS *STUPID.* NADIRA WANTS TO KILL YOU.

IF I AVOIDED PEOPLE WHO WANT TO KILL ME I'D NEVER LEAVE THE HOUSE.

NOT LAUGHING. I'M SERIOUSLY TRYING TO FIGURE OUT IF YOU'VE LOST YOUR DAMN MIND.

'CAUSE IF YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN *BRING GILES BACK FROM A NATURAL DEATH--*

THERE'S NOTHING NATURAL ABOUT THE WAY HE DIED.

MY POINT IS, HE DIDN'T GET ZAPPED BY AN ABRACADABRA. YOU CAN BRING SOMEONE BACK FROM A *MAGICAL* DEATH. NOT A BROKEN NECK.

ANGEL, WHEN *CORDELIA* DIED YOU HAD EVERYONE AT JACOBY, MEYERS, AND SATAN WORKING FOR YOU. IN A WORLD THAT STILL HAD MAGIC.

IF IT COULDA BEEN DONE, YOU'DA DONE IT THEN.

IT'S NOT THAT CUT AND DRIED.

THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN RESURRECTION SPELLS. WOLFRAM AND HART HAD DOZENS. THEY JUST AREN'T USED MUCH, BECAUSE THEY'RE HARD...DANGEROUS...

...AND THEY ONLY WORK ON THE *BODY.* THE SOUL'S A WHOLE DIFFERENT THING.

YOU END UP WITH A ZOMBIE...OR WORSE.

OKAY, YOU KNOW THE ARGUMENTS AGAINST. THAT'S A STEP.

ADD THE FACT THAT *NO* SPELLS WORK NOW, AND--

EVER WONDER *WHY* YOU CAN BRING SOMEONE BACK FROM A MAGICAL DEATH?

WHEN YOU DIE NATURALLY, THE SOUL MOVES ON. OUT OF REACH. BUT IF MAGIC'S INVOLVED... MAGIC IS *SPIRITUAL.* IT ESTABLISHES A *CONNECTION* TO THE SOUL.

GILES WAS A *WATCHER* AND A *WARLOCK.*

HE SPENT HIS LIFE *IMMERSED* IN MAGIC.

YOU...THINK YOU CAN PUT HIS *SOUL* BACK TOGETHER?

HE'S GILES! NOT A DAMN CAR ENGINE!

WHY CAN'T YOU LET HIM REST? WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO NEXT, *DIG HIM UP?*

NOT UNTIL I HAVE TO.

I'M OUT.

FAITH, I KNOW HOW IT SOUNDS. AND IT *WOULDN'T* BE POSSIBLE.

IF HE HADN'T LEFT US THE *WATCHER'S FILES.*

GILES IS GOING TO TELL US HOW TO BRING HIM BACK.

THIS IS WHAT GOT ANGEL BACK ON HIS FEET.

NOT ANYTHING I DID.

FAITH...I KNOW. YOU THINK I'VE LOST IT.

THAT'S OKAY. I DON'T NEED YOU TO BELIEVE ME. BUT I *DO* NEED YOUR HELP.

HE THINKS HE CAN FIX THE WORST THING HE EVER DID.

I CONVINCE HIM HE'S WRONG, I TAKE AWAY HIS REASON TO EXIST.

JUST COME WITH ME. FOR NOW. GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SHOW YOU THIS CAN WORK.

BUT WHAT'S MY PLAN B... WALK AWAY? OR RIDE SHOTGUN ON HIS CRAZY TRAIN? I JUST GOT MY LIFE TOGETHER.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HE GOES OFF THE RAILS?

EXCEPT HE WAS THERE FOR MY CRASH AND BURNS. PULLING ME FROM THE WRECKAGE WHEN EVERYONE ELSE WAS TOASTING MARSHMALLOWS.

WHAT KIND OF A FRIEND WOULD I BE IF I'M NOT THERE FOR HIS?

...

OKAY.

I UNDERSTAND.

I'LL BE BACK LATE...

THAT'S MY LUCKY AX.

WIPE THAT GRIN OFF YOUR FACE. IT'S NOT LIKE I'M GONNA BONE YOU.

YOU STUCK BY ME WHEN EVERYONE ELSE WROTE ME OFF. THAT BUYS YOU A WINGMAN FOR A NIGHT.

I GOT YOUR BACK.

DEMONTOWN.

A DEMON FIGHT CLUB? SINCE WHEN DO THEY NEED AN EXCUSE?

IT'S ABOUT BRAGGING RIGHTS. WITHOUT MAGIC, THE OLD HIERARCHIES ARE GONE.

VAMPIRES WERE THE GUTTER RATS OF THE DEMON WORLD--NOW THEY'RE CELEBRITIES. MASTER SPELL CASTERS ARE REDUCED TO PANHANDLING.

BUT SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE. HOW'S BUSINESS, KURTH?

LOOK WHO IT IS. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO CALL YOU THESE DAYS...BACK TO *ANGEL*, INNIT? "TWILIGHT""S GONE AWAY WITH THE LUCHADOR MASK.

SMART. I HEAR THE BIRD WHO WRITES THE GOTH ROMANCES IS LITIGIOUS.

KURTH WORKS FOR A GUY NAME OF MAL FRASER. IMAGINE A HALF-DEMON JOHN GOTTI WITHOUT THE FASHION SENSE.

THEIR RACKET'S SELLING BODY PARTS TO RICH SCUMBAGS. A YAKUZA BOSS NEEDS A KIDNEY, THEY GO GET ONE. AND DON'T CHECK TO SEE IF YOU'RE AN ORGAN DONOR BEFORE THEY CUT YOU OPEN.

GEEZ, YOU STILL ON *FRIENDSTER*, TOO? THAT'S ANCIENT HISTORY. WE'RE INTO A HIGHER CLASS OF BUSINESS NOW.

SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME ABOUT IT.

SUPPOSE YOU SIT ON THIS.

BODY PARTS, HUH? I COULD USE AN EXTRA PAIR OF HANDS. SPARE THIS ONE?

AH! BLOODY BINT! YOU WANT A HAND?

I GOT ONE RIGHT HERE!

SHRTCH

THANKS.

I'LL WRAP IT UP.

!!EEEGGH!

RIGHT. YOU VAMPS MARCH AROUND LIKE YOU'RE BLOODY ROYALTY.

WELL, I AM AN ANARCHIST!

YOUR BOY'S RUNNING!

LET HIM.

ALL PART OF THE-- *HNK*--

--PLAN.

THERE'S A PLAN?

NOW I GET IT. WE GET PUNCHED SO MANY TIMES OUR FACES ARE ONE BIG BRUISE, SO WE BLEND IN WITH THE NIGHT. BEST PLAN EVER.

IT WORKED.

KURTH THINKS HE GOT AWAY. BUT I COULD SMELL A TRIUNE DEMON'S BLOOD ACROSS TOWN.

SO THE ARM RIPPING WAS, WHAT, VAMPIRE G.P.S.?

YOU'VE SEEN ME DO WORSE.

SURE. AND WATCHED YOU WHILE YOU DID IT.

SOMETIMES YOUR CATHOLIC GUILT KICKS IN. YOU GET REAL QUIET.

IF THE GUY REALLY *DESERVED* IT, YOU'RE MORE OLD TESTAMENT... ALL RIGHTEOUS WRATH. BUT EVER SINCE... Y'KNOW, TWILIGHT...

WE HAD A "ONE TO GROW ON" MOMENT ONCE. YOU WARNED ME WHAT CAN HAPPEN WHEN YOU GET OFF ON VIOLENCE.

I'M MORE WORRIED WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DON'T FEEL A DAMN THING.

THERE HE IS.

HEY! THAT'S THE HORNY BASTARD I FOUGHT EARLIER.

PLEASE, BAPHON. I'M DYIN' HERE.

YOU KNOW WHAT A DOSE COSTS?

I'M GOOD FOR IT. YOU KNOW I AM!

GOOD FOR NOTHING IS WHAT YOU ARE. BUT I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO TRAIN A REPLACEMENT.

HERE. AND IT'S COMING OUT OF YOUR PAY.

SURE, SURE. WHATEVER YOU SAY.

AHH, THAT'S THE STUFF...

KLLRSHH

AW, YEAH. THERE WE GO.

OKAY, I MISSED AN EPISODE.

THESE GUYS ARE SELLING JUICE THAT GROWS BACK PEOPLE'S ARMS?

NOT JUST ARMS. THAT WAS THE BLOOD OF A *MOHRA DEMON.*

IT CAN REGENERATE ANY ORGAN. ANY WOUND. EVEN NECROTIC TISSUE...

YOU SAYING IT COULD RAISE THE DEAD?

AIN'T THAT KIND OF A LEAP?

I'VE *SEEN* MOHRA BLOOD BRING A DEAD BODY BACK TO LIFE.

MINE.

I MISSED A WHOLE DAMN *SEASON.*

IT MADE ME HUMAN AGAIN. MADE ME... NORMAL...

I UNDID IT. I CAN'T DO WHAT I HAVE TO IF I'M...

Y'KNOW WHAT, IT'S NOT IMPORTANT. THE POINT IS, IT WORKS.

ONE OF THE MORE RECENT ENTRIES IN THE WATCHER'S FILES TALKS ABOUT THE FRASER GANG. HOW THEY ABANDONED THEIR ORGAN-SELLING RACKET FOR SOMETHING BETTER.

THEY'LL HEAL YOU. IF YOU'VE GOT A TERMINAL DISEASE, IF YOU'VE BEEN SHOT BY THE COPS... THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF IT. JUST LIKE THAT.

WHEN I HEARD THEY WERE STILL AT IT, I REALIZED IT CAN'T BE A SPELL. THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING SPECIAL. AND I HAD AN IDEA WHAT. YOUR FIGHT TONIGHT CONFIRMED IT.

THIS IS IT, FAITH. THIS IS HOW WE GET GILES BACK.

HIS BODY, I MEAN. THE SOUL'S A WHOLE OTHER THING. BUT ONE STEP AT A TIME.

ARE YOU WITH ME?

BUGGERATION.

WATCH THAT ONE. I STABBED HIM IN THE HEART AND ALMOST FROZE TO DEATH.

NOT SURPRISED. THERE'S NOTHING INSIDE BUT A VOID.

NIRVANA

THE POWER'S IN THEIR *HORNS.*

HROOO!

YOU REALLY SHOULD READ THE WATCHER'S FILES MORE.

HEY, EXCUSE ME FOR HAVING A LIFE.

LOOK AT HIM.

LIKE A KID IN A CANDY STORE. 'CAUSE HE HAS A PURPOSE AGAIN.

AND NOW HE THINKS HE HAS A PARTNER TO SHARE IT WITH.

HAVING A LITTLE MORE TROUBLE WITH THIS ONE.

THE FILES CALL FOR A BANISHMENT SPELL, WHICH ISN'T MUCH HELP.

DON'T BE SUCH A SLAVE TO THE RULE BOOK.

IT'S GOT *FLAMMABLE GAS* IN IT, RIGHT?

KRITCH

THIS IS HOW I GOT BANNED FROM CHEM LAB.

FWOOOMF

AH, CRAP.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

THERE'LL BE MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM.

THERE'S STILL SOME IN HERE.

NO GOOD. SEE HOW THE GLOW'S ALREADY FADING? IT DETERIORATES FAST WHEN IT'S EXPOSED TO OPEN AIR.

SNAP

THEY'RE GETTING IT FRESH.

WHERE IS IT?

WHERE DO YOU GET THE BLOOD?

EASY, MATE. I'M USELESS TO FRASER HORNLESS, AND I KNOW TOO MUCH FOR HIM TO LET ME LIVE.

I'LL TELL YOU ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW. JUST KEEP HIM BUSY LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT, YEAH?

ANGEL'S BACK, ALL RIGHT. FULL OF PISS AND VINEGAR.

EXCEPT IT'S ALL GONNA GO UP IN FLAMES.

WE CAN'T BRING GILES BACK.

HE TOLD ME SO.

THE RECENT PAST.

THE WATCHERS' LIBRARY IS PERHAPS THE MOST EXTENSIVE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD.

IN ALL THE MILLENNIA IT COVERS, I AM UNAWARE OF ANY REFERENCE TO A NORMAL HUMAN BEING RESURRECTED FROM A NATURAL DEATH.

OKAY, WHAT ABOUT ***TIME TRAVEL?*** COULD I SAVE SOMEONE ***BEFORE*** THEY DIED?

FAITH...

LOOK, I APPRECIATE YOU SQUARING THINGS WITH THE COPS, ALL RIGHT? I DON'T WANNA GO BACK TO JAIL.

I'M GLAD I'M NOT WANTED ANY-MORE.

DOESN'T CHANGE WHAT I DID.

I DON'T MEAN TO DOWNPLAY THE GRAVITY OF YOUR ACT, BUT THE DEPUTY MAYOR WAS CONSORTING WITH DEMONS.

AN ACCESSORY TO MURDER. AND HIS DEATH WAS AN ***ACCIDENT--***

SCREW THE DEPUTY MAYOR. THE TIME I DID WAS ENOUGH FOR A SLEAZOID LIKE THAT.

I DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT HIM.

AH. OF COURSE.

I'D NEARLY FORGOTTEN ABOUT ***PROFESSOR WORTH.***

YOU AND EVERYONE ELSE. EXCEPT ME.

AND HIS DAUGHTER. EVEN WITH SUNNYDALE JUST A HOLE IN THE GROUND, SHE STILL VISITS. DROPS FLOWERS IN.

FAITH...I COULD MAKE EXCUSES. SAY THAT YOU WERE MENTALLY UNSTABLE WHEN YOU KILLED HIM. BUT IT WOULDN'T CHANGE THE FACT THAT YOU MURDERED AN INNOCENT MAN.

IT LIKELY ALSO WILL NOT HELP TO KNOW THAT THERE ARE *OTHERS* WHO LIVE WITH THE SAME GUILT.

THERE ARE THINGS WE CAN'T UNDO. MISTAKES WE CAN'T UNMAKE.

WE CAN PUNISH OURSELVES FOR THEM IN POINTLESS, INDULGENT WAYS. ACTS THAT SERVE NO PURPOSE BEYOND WALLOWING IN SELF-PITY.

OR WE CAN TRY TO *ATONE* FOR THEM. NOT TO ERASE WHAT WE DID. NOT TO JUSTIFY THE UNJUSTIFIABLE.

BUT TO COUNTER THE EVIL WE'VE DONE WITH A LIFETIME OF GOOD.

I TELL ANGEL HE'S NUTS, HE GOES OFF ON HIS OWN. A LOOSE CANNON. AIMED AT HIMSELF.

FIGURED I'D GO ALONG... KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE TILL I CAN FIND A WAY TO MAKE HIM GIVE UP THIS SNIPE HUNT.

BUT HE'S NOT GONNA.

ANGEL'S SAVED THE WORLD FIVE OR SIX TIMES. SPENT TWO LIFETIMES DOING GOOD. HE MADE UP FOR WHAT HE DID TO GILES BEFORE HE EVER DID IT.

BUT HE'S STILL A VAMPIRE WITH A SOUL. A MONSTER WHO HATES HIMSELF FOR BEING A MONSTER. HE'S NEVER GONNA LET HIMSELF OFF THE HOOK.

UNLESS I MAKE HIM.

HELLO, KURTH.

I'M NASH. THIS IS MY SISTER, PEARL.

RUMOR HAS IT YOU'VE GOT A LINE ON SOME MOHRA BLOOD.

CONSIDERING YOU HAD YOUR ARM RIPPED OFF EARLIER TONIGHT, AND NOW IT'S BACK IN ALL ITS REVOLTING GLORY, I'D SAY THE RUMORS ARE TRUE.

SORRY, FRESH OUT. MIGHT GET A NEW DELIVERY IN A WEEK OR SO. COME SEE ME THEN.

I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T WAIT.

GNNAAA!

AND NOW NEITHER CAN YOU.

YOU KNOW THE KIDS WHO LIKED TO PULL WINGS OFF FLIES?

WE LIKED TO PULL THINGS OFF *THEM*.

TAKE US TO YOUR SOURCE. OR WE DEMONSTRATE.

LIVE THROUGH THIS

PART THREE

THESE LOVELY PEOPLE COME HERE FOR A TASTE OF MAGIC. SOMETHING MISSING FROM THEIR LIVES, THANKS TO YOU AND YOUR MATES.

WIELDING MYSTIC ARTIFACTS THAT STILL HOLD A CHARGE...GETTING COZY WITH DEMONS...ALL BIG DRAWS.

BUT FOR A FLOORSHOW LIKE *YOURS,* I COULD CHARGE *TRIPLE.*

CRRAASSH

COURSE, THERE COMES A POINT OF DIMINISHING RETURNS.

I'LL HAVE YOU NICKED. SELLING MAGIC AIN'T ILLEGAL YET, BUT SMASHING UP A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS MOST DEFINITELY IS.

KILLING DEMONS IS KIND OF A LEGAL GRAY AREA. AND YOU LOOK TO BE AT LEAST HALF.

THREE-QUARTERS FROM THE WAIST DOWN, LUV.

I CAN MAKE THAT THREE INCHES--

FAITH, WAIT.

THERE'S NO MOHRA BLOOD HERE. I'D HAVE SMELLED IT BY NOW.

THE POLICE'LL BE HERE SOON, AND WE DON'T NEED THAT KIND OF TROUBLE OVER NOTHING.

I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR LOOKING FOR MOHRA BLOOD. STUFF CAN REGENERATE ANY WOUND. WORTH A RIGHT FORTUNE.

BLOKE WHO HAD SOME O' THAT WOULD BE THE MOST POPULAR FELLA IN TOWN, WOULDN'T HE?

OI, ANGEL! IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR A JOB, THERE'S NO END O'BIRDS WOULD PAY NICELY TO GET BIT BY A HANDSOME FELLA LIKE YOU.

YOU EVER DECIDE TO SEEK HONEST EMPLOYMENT, Y'KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME, YEAH?

WHAT THE HELL? WHY'D WE EVEN GO IN THERE IF YOU WERE JUST GONNA STAKE BLOCK ME?

BECAUSE AFTER THE WAY HE RUBBED OUR NOSES IN IT, EVERYBODY IN THAT CLUB KNOWS FRASER HAS MOHRA BLOOD. THEY'VE PROBABLY ALREADY STARTED THROWING MONEY AT HIM.

HE'S TOO GREEDY TO RESIST. HE'LL COME UP WITH A WAY TO TRY TO SQUEEZE THE MOST HE CAN OUT OF THEM. AND THAT'LL GIVE US OUR OPENING.

DO ME A FAVOR. START LETTING ME IN ON YOUR BRILLIANT PLANS.

SURE.

SOON AS I START COMING UP WITH THEM MORE THAN TWO SECONDS IN ADVANCE.

SO...YOU EVER THINK ABOUT IT?

WHAT?

THE MOHRA BLOOD.

USING IT TO MAKE YOURSELF HUMAN AGAIN.

NOTHING'S CHANGED. I STILL HAVE TO DO THINGS A HUMAN *CAN'T.*

I'M SORRY, WERE YOU NOT PAYING ATTENTION? *EVERYTHING'S* CHANGED.

GILES TOLD ME ABOUT SOME PROPHECY. AFTER YOU DO YOUR BIT DURING THE APOCALYPSE, YOU GET TO HANG IT UP. BE A REGULAR DUDE.

THE SHANSHU PROPHECY. IT'S KIND OF OFF THE TABLE. ANYWAY, THERE'S ALWAYS AN APOCALYPSE.

ACTUALLY, THERE *ISN'T.*

I MEAN, GLOBAL WARMING, OKAY.

BUT THE HELLMOUTH-OPENING, DEMON-VOMITING APOCALYPSES WE DEAL WITH...THOSE CAN'T HAPPEN ANYMORE.

BECAUSE OF *YOU AND BUFFY.*

MAYBE IT'S TIME YOU GOT WHAT'S COMING TO YOU.

FAITH... I...

"HAPPILY EVER AFTER" ISN'T WHAT I'VE GOT COMING.

A STAKE THROUGH THE HEART *IS.*

UNTIL THEN, I HAVE THINGS TO DO.

BUT YOU THOUGHT ABOUT IT, ANGEL. JUST FOR A SECOND.

AND IT SOUNDED GOOD.

YOU JUST DON'T THINK A MONSTER DESERVES IT.

BUT WHAT IF I SHOVED THAT MOHRA BLOOD DOWN YOUR THROAT AND MADE YOU HUMAN?

WOULD YOU FINALLY CUT YOURSELF THE SAME SLACK YOU GAVE ME?

OR WOULD YOU JUST GET YOURSELF KILLED DOING THE EXACT SAME STUPID CRAP YOU ARE NOW?

DAMN IT. I THOUGHT WOMEN WERE SUPPOSED TO BE COMPLICATED.

MAN UP, LEHANE. TIME'S RUNNING OUT. PULL THE TRIGGER.

KINDA HARD TO DO WHEN YOUR FRIEND'S IN THE CROSSHAIRS.

FRASER DISGUSTS ME. BUT I WAS WATCHING MY SON *DIE.* AND I HEARD HE HAD A CURE-ALL.

IT SOUNDED OUTLANDISH. BUT WHEN SOMEONE YOU LOVE IS IN PAIN, SUFFERING EVERY DAY...HOW DO YOU LIVE WITH YOURSELF IF YOU DON'T DO ALL YOU CAN TO HELP?

RIGHT.

I PAID CASH. THEY DELIVERED A GLOWING GREEN BOTTLE. HE'S BEEN IN REMISSION OVER A YEAR.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS, BUT IT GAVE HIM HIS LIFE BACK.

MY BROTHER LOST HIS LEG IN A CAR ACCIDENT SIX MONTHS AGO. BECAME ADDICTED TO PAINKILLERS. FRASER'S SERUM GREW THE LEG BACK, BUT DIDN'T REMOVE THE CRAVINGS.

WHERE'S YOUR BROTHER NOW?

HIGH, I'D IMAGINE. HE VANISHED LAST MONTH. I ASSUME HE'S DESTROYING WHAT'S LEFT OF THE LIFE I WORKED SO HARD TO SAVE.

REGGIE GOT IN A SHOOTOUT WITH SOME RUSSIAN NUTTERS. THEY DIED, HE LIVED...WITH A BULLET IN HIS GUT.

I TOLD HIM, GO INTO HOSPITAL. REGGIE SAID HE COULDN'T, HE'D GET NICKED. BUT HE HAD ALL THIS MONEY FROM THE RUSSIANS, PLUS THE COKE HE WAS MEANT TO SELL 'EM.

HE WENT TO FRASER. NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN. COULD BE DEAD, COULD BE RIGHT AS RAIN AN' TOOK OFF TO CANCUN. EITHER WAY, I'M BUGGERED, AIN'T I?

SO THAT'S FOUR CLIENTS DOING GREAT, EIGHT MORE GONE MISSING. I SMELL A SCAM.

MAKES SENSE, IF FRASER'S SUPPLY IS LIMITED. GIVE A FEW PEOPLE THE REAL THING, SPREAD THE WORD...THEN TAKE THE OTHERS' MONEY AND GET RID OF 'EM.

BUT WE SAW KURTH'S ARM GROW BACK. SEVERAL OF THE MISSING CLIENTS' RELATIVES WATCHED THEM REGENERATE. AND ALL THE MOHRA BLOOD I'VE SMELLED IS GENUINE.

NO ONE YOU TALKED TO KNOWS WHERE FRASER GETS IT?

NAH. THEY ALL GOT DELIVERIES.

THAT FITS WITH WHAT I BEAT OUT OF THE OCULUS DEMON. FRASER KEEPS HIS SECRETS WELL.

DELEGATES EVERYTHING TO A HANDFUL OF TRUSTED LIEUTENANTS.

WE DON'T KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT MOHRA DEMONS. I'VE BEEN CHECKING THE WATCHER'S FILES, BUT IT'S ALL PRETTY FRAGMENTARY... SOMETIMES CONTRADICTORY.

WE NEED SOMEONE WITH EXPERIENCE SIFTING THROUGH IT ALL.

WHAT WE *NEED* IS *GILES.*

SORRY.

DON'T BE. YOU'RE RIGHT. THAT'S THE POINT OF ALL THIS.

BUT UNTIL WE BRING HIM BACK...

...WE'LL HAVE TO LOOK ELSEWHERE.

HELLO. I'M ALASDAIR COAMES.

YOU MUST BE RUPERT'S FRIENDS. PLEASE, COME IN.

YOU'RE THE *SAME* ALASDAIR COAMES WHO FOUGHT IN THE LEY LINE WAR OF '78?

HEH. WELL, THAT WAS INDEED ME...BUT I AM HARDLY THE SAME MAN. IF IT'S AN ARCHMAGE YOU SEEK, YOU'LL BE DISAPPOINTED.

THE END OF MAGIC HAS MADE ME JUST ANOTHER DODDERING OLD FOOL WITH A HOUSE FULL OF RUBBISH AND DREARY STORIES OF DAYS GONE BY.

OFF THE FURNITURE, YOU CHEEKY THING.

LONG AS YOU STILL KNOW NERD-FU, YOU'RE OUR MAN. THE WATCHER'S FILES SAY YOU'RE THE GO-TO GUY ON DEMON BIOLOGY.

OH, QUITE. I'VE NEVER BELIEVED THE STUDY OF MAGIC AND THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD ARE MUTUALLY EXCLUSIVE.

YOUR LITTLE NAKED GUY'S TRYING TO FLY DOWN MY SHIRT.

FORGIVE MY FRIENDS. SINCE MAGIC ENDED I'VE DEVOTED MYSELF TO COLLECTING WHAT VESTIGES OF IT REMAIN. WE ***ENDANGERED SPECIES*** MUST STICK TOGETHER, EH?

WHAT TYPE OF DEMON WERE YOU INTERESTED IN?

MAL FRASER'S GOT A SOURCE FOR MOHRA-DEMON BLOOD. WE THINK HE MIGHT HAVE ONE WORKING FOR HIM.

NOT VOLUNTARILY. THE MOHRA ARE THE WARRIOR-ASSASSINS OF THE HELL DIMENSIONS. THEIR WORK IS BRUTAL, BUT THEY CONSIDER IT A SACRED CALLING.

THEY RETURN TO THEIR HOME PLANE UPON COMPLETION OF A TASK. IF MR. FRASER'S GOT A MOHRA DEMON, IT MAY BE THE LAST ON EARTH...AND DEFINITELY HIS CAPTIVE.

I'VE MET ONE. THEY'RE HARD TO HANDLE. I FIGURE YOU'D NEED MAGIC TO KEEP IT LOCKED UP.

INDEED. AS WELL AS VAST QUANTITIES OF SALT FOR IT TO FEED ON.

MOHRA

MAGIC CAN BE CLOAKED. BUT TRUCKLOADS OF SALT DELIVERED TO A PRIVATE HOME LEAVE A PAPER TRAIL, HMM?

CAN WE PAY YOU FOR YOUR TIME OR--

GOOD HEAVENS, NO. I'M JUST PLEASED TO BE USEFUL AGAIN. CALL ON ME WHENEVER YOU LIKE.

AND PLEASE, ACCEPT MY CONDOLENCES FOR YOUR LOSS. RUPERT IS DEARLY MISSED BY A GREAT MANY.

ONE DAY HE'S AN ARCHMAGE, THE NEXT HE'S A WEAK OLD MAN. WONDER HOW MANY OTHERS ENDED UP LIKE HIM.

YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO THINK BACK TO MY *LAST* "IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT" SPEECH. THAT WAS DAPHNE, ONE OF THE GIRLS. I GOTTA GO.

CAN I HELP?

NAH.

"FEMALE PROBLEMS."

NADIRA'S LOST IT. PICKED A FIGHT OVER NOTHING. AND WE CAN'T GET TO HER THROUGH THE GITS WITHOUT HURTING THEM.

LEAVE IT TO ME, DAPHNE. JUST GIVE ME A MINUTE... THEN PULL HER OUT WHEN YOU SEE DAYLIGHT.

HEY, BOYS.

FEAST YOUR EYES.

DRINKS ON THE HOUSE!

TIME WAS I WOULD'VE SHOWN 'EM MY JUGS. CAN'T DECIDE IF I'VE MATURED OR IF I'M JUST GETTING USED TO BEING RICH.

SO, NADIRA. HOW ABOUT YOU TELL ME WHAT THE HELL THAT WAS?

THE MERMAID

ARSENAL v. BLACKPOOL 7PM

PISS OFF.

SLOW NIGHT. NO VAMPIRES--NONE BREAKING HARMONY'S RULES, ANYWAY. JUST NIBBLING ON EAGER GOTH WANNABES...ONLY TAKING ENOUGH BLOOD SO EVERYONE LEAVES HAPPY.

WE STARTED HOME. NEXT THING WE KNOW NADIRA'S IN THERE, CALLING ***ARSENAL*** A PACK OF SHEEP SHAGGERS.

WE'VE TALKED ABOUT FIGHTING HUMANS. ONLY WHEN NECESSARY. THEY BREAK TOO EASY.

YOU WANNA BLOW OFF STEAM, FIGHT ME.

YOU THINK I ***WON'T?*** YOU THINK I--

AH, BLOODY HELL...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? I COULD HAVE REALLY HURT SOMEONE.

WHY CAN'T I JUST GET DRUNK OR RUN UP MY CREDIT CARD LIKE A NORMAL PERSON?

BECAUSE YOU'RE ***NOT.*** YOU WERE JONESING FOR A FIGHT. FOR US, ***THAT'S*** NORMAL.

POWER LIKE OURS...YOU GOTTA LET IT OUT. YOU JUST HAVE TO BE SMART ABOUT HOW. YOU CAN'T TRY TO TURN IT OFF...PRETEND IT'S NOT THERE.

OR IT FINDS A WAY TO COME OUT THAT'S BAD FOR YOU ***AND*** A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE.

AS LONG AS YOU HAVE POWER...

...YOU'RE GONNA FEEL THE NEED TO USE IT.

DOES THAT MEAN I *SHOULD?*

I KNOW I'VE GOT... ISSUES. WHAT IF I CAN'T BE *TRUSTED* TO DO THE RIGHT THING?

MAYBE I SHOULD JUST GO COLD TURKEY. STOP BEFORE I DO SOMETHING I CAN'T COME BACK FROM.

YEAH, THAT'S A POINT. LOOK, END OF THE DAY, YOU KNOW YOURSELF BEST. IT'S YOUR CALL.

AW C'MON, FAITH, DON'T COP OUT. TELL US WHAT TO DO.

YOU'RE THE GROWNUP.

I'M THE-- *WHAT?*

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT? IF *I'M* THE GROWNUP, WE'RE *SCREWED.*

I DIDN'T MEAN YOU'RE, LIKE, *OLD.* JUST, YOU KNOW, YOU'VE BEEN AROUND. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.

WE *TRUST* YOU. YOU KNOW THAT.

LISTEN, I... I GOTTA GO.

THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?

YOU FOLLOW ME? IF YOU MESS WITH THESE GIRLS, THEY'LL TEAR OFF YOUR--

PLEASE, NOTHING LIKE THAT.

FORGIVE MY INTRUSION. BUT I NEEDED TO SPEAK WITH YOU...PRIVATELY. WITHOUT YOUR GENTLEMAN FRIEND.

HE'S NOT MY "GENTLEMAN FRIEND." BUT IF THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE, HATE TO BREAK IT TO YA-- YOU'RE A LITTLE OLD FOR ME.

EVEN THOUGH I'M FRIGGIN' *OBI-WAN KENOBI* ALL OF A SUDDEN.

OH DEAR, I *HAVE* CREATED THE WRONG IMPRESSION. PERHAPS I SHOULD JUST COME OUT WITH IT.

BETWEEN THE QUESTIONS ANGEL ASKED, THINGS I'VE HEARD ABOUT HIS ACTIVITIES, AND HIS KEEN INTEREST IN THE MOHRA BLOOD, I HAVE...CONCERNS.

RUPERT'S DEATH WAS A TRAGEDY. BUT ATTEMPTING TO *RESURRECT* HIM WOULD BE A FAR *GREATER* ONE.

HOW'D YOU--Y'KNOW WHAT, NEVER MIND. IT'S NONE O' YOUR DAMN BUSINESS.

ON THE CONTRARY. THE FORCES ANGEL TAMPERS WITH COULD BRING DISASTER...EVEN MORESO IN A WORLD WITHOUT MAGICAL DEFENSES. HE MUST GIVE UP HIS MAD QUEST.

HEH. I WANT A FRONT-ROW SEAT WHEN YOU TELL *HIM* THAT.

TELEPHO

BT

HE'D NEVER LISTEN TO ME. BUT *YOU*... I CAN SEE YOU SHARE MY CONCERNS.

HEED THE WARNING OF ONE WHO KNOWS, FAITH. IT'S IMPERATIVE YOU STOP HIM. FOR *ALL* OUR SAKES.

CHRIST. WHO WENT AND MADE ME THE RESPONSIBLE ONE ALL OF A SUDDEN?

WHY, MY DEAR GIRL...

...YOU DID.

"GILES HAD ME INFILTRATE AN ESTATE OUTSIDE LONDON ONCE."

IT WAS A HELL OF A LOT CLASSIER THAN THIS. BETTER SECURITY, TOO. THEY'RE NOT EVEN CHECKING I.D.'s.

WHY WOULD THEY? IT'S AN AUCTION. THEY WANT A LOT OF PEOPLE. GETTING IN'S NOT THE HARD PART.

GETTING *OUT* IS.

TOO MANY FOR US TO FIGHT ALONE. AND SOONER OR LATER WE'LL GET RECOGNIZED.

I BARELY RECOGNIZE YOU IN A DRESS. RELAX, THIS PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH IDLE RICH AND THEIR VAMPIRE ARM CANDY.

AND HOPEFULLY WE WON'T BE ALONE LONG. JUST STEER CLEAR OF FRASER--FOR NOW.

ALL I'M SAYING IS, HOW DO WE KNOW THIS MOHRA BLOOD IS THE REAL THING, AND NOT, LIKE, *GATORADE?*

PERHAPS A DEMONSTRATION?

SURE, AND HAVE THEM PULL THE OLD BAIT-AND-SWITCH? UH-UH. I NEED MORE THAN THAT IF I'M GONNA TAP INTO THE TRUST FUND.

SHE RAISES A GOOD POINT, DEAR. WHAT ASSURANCES--

MAY I HAVE EVERYONE'S ATTENTION, PLEASE?

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, AND POLYSEXUAL BEINGS, WELCOME.

WE ALL KNOW WHY WE'RE HERE. THE RUMORS ARE TRUE. EVEN AFTER THE FALL OF MAGIC, I AM IN POSSESSION OF MOHRA BLOOD. REGRETTABLY, DEMAND EXCEEDS SUPPLY.

SO THE DOZEN VIALS I HAVE AVAILABLE WILL BE AUCTIONED OFF TONIGHT. SHOULD YOU LEAVE EMPTY HANDED, I EXPECT TO HAVE MORE IN A MONTH OR TWO.

THAT'S LOVELY FOR YOU, MATE. BUT I'VE HEARD WHISPERS ALL NIGHT THIS IS A CON.

SUPPOSE YOU PROVE TO US WE'RE BIDDING ON THE GENUINE ARTICLE?

SOME MIGHT BE OFFENDED BY AN ACCUSATION LIKE THAT. NOT ME. THE MORE CONFIDENT YOU ARE IN THE MERCHANDISE, THE HIGHER THE BIDS.

SO IT'S PROOF YOU'LL HAVE. BOYS?

I TRUST THIS CALMS EVERYONE'S MISGIVINGS.

NOW, IF WE CAN GET STARTED...

SOUNDS GOOD.

SSHKK

SSHKK

NO! DON'T HURT THE MERCHANDISE!

YOU'RE FREE. BUT IF YOU WANT TO LIVE TO ENJOY IT, WE'RE GOING TO NEED YOUR HELP FIGHTING OUR WAY OUT OF HERE.

MY THANKS, VAMPIRE. TO BE A SLAVE...BLED LIKE A SOW...THERE IS NO WORSE FATE FOR MY KIND.

BUT I AM TOO WEAK FOR BATTLE. RATHER THAN BE UNMANNED--

--I CHOOSE DEATH WITH HONOR.

AND WISH YOU THE SAME.

NO!

KRESSHH

PAFF

GUESSING THAT WASN'T PART OF THE PLAN.

THE MOHRA'S *DEAD!* THAT'S THE LAST OF HIS BLOOD!

GET IT, BOYS!

FAITH!

ON IT.

MINE!

YOU'RE TIPPING IT--

NO!

THIS COULD NOT POSSIBLY HAVE GONE WORSE...

BWHOOOOM

WHY, LOOK, DEAR SISTER. NOT ONLY ARE WE JUST IN TIME TO CLAIM THE BLOOD OF ETERNITY, WE GET A BONUS.

OUR VERY OWN FALSE GOD. THE MAN WHO CRUELLY EXPLOITED US AND CRUSHED OUR DREAMS.

AND HE LOOKS SO MUCH EASIER TO KILL THESE DAYS, DOESN'T HE?

PEARL AND NASH. RADIATING EVEN MORE POWER THAN WHEN THEY WORKED FOR ME. I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW MANY PEOPLE THEY'VE KILLED SINCE THEN.

EVERY TIME THE BILL FOR MY SINS COMES DUE, OTHERS PAY.

PEARL. NASH. I KNOW I BETRAYED YOU.

LET ME EXPLAIN WHY.

YOU'RE PSYCHOTIC BASTARDS.

AND YOU NEED TO BE PUT DOWN.

JESUS, LOOK AT THOSE TWO. NO WONDER NADIRA'S SO MESSED UP.

ANGEL, TOO.

FOR TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS, HE'S BEEN CREATING MONSTERS...DRUSILLA, SPIKE...**WORSE.** THEN HAVING TO DEAL WITH THEM.

THAT STOPS **NOW.**

I'M GONNA HELP HIM GET RID OF THESE MONSTERS. THEN I'LL GET RID OF ONE MYSELF.

HIM.

LIVE THROUGH THIS PART FOUR

I'M THE FUN ONE. SEE?

SLKT

RUDE!

NO, YOU'RE TRASH.

NOW PLEASE, DON'T RUIN THE MOMENT.

HH. AFTER ABOUT THE FIFTIETH, KILLING SLAYERS JUST BECOMES A CHORE.

STHHT

TOO BAD.

TZAMM

PEARL!

'CAUSE I'M HAVING A *BLAST.*

YOU ALWAYS WANTED ME TO BE MORE RUTHLESS, PEARL.

HOW'S THIS?

NNAA!

HGH!

GET YOUR FILTHY MOUTH OFF MY SISTER!

OOH, YOU NAUGHTY THING. NO WONDER PEOPLE GO ALL HELPLESS WHEN YOU BITE THEM. IT'S QUITE A RUSH.

BUT *WE* LIKE OUR THRILLS MORE *REFINED.*

PAIN. HATE. FEAR. LIKE THE FINEST WINE.

GRRHH!

WE'RE SO FAR BEYOND YOU.

BEYOND WHAT YOU CAN EVEN *IMAGINE.*

GNGH!

DON'T GET ME WRONG, I'M IMPRESSED. YOU DO A LOT WITH WHAT YOU HAVE.

BUT YOU CAN ONLY REACH SO FAR ABOVE WHAT YOU ARE. IN THE END, WE HAVE TO EVOLVE...

...OR *DIE.*

LOOK! THE LAST OF THE *MOHRA BLOOD!*

THEY'VE GOT IT!

WHAT...?

GET 'EM!

ALL TOGETHER! DRAG 'EM DOWN!

I HOPE YOU KEPT A VIAL.

HEY, UNLIKE YOU, I ALMOST GRADUATED *HIGH SCHOOL.*

BUT I DOUBT THAT MOB OF MOUTH BREATHERS CAN TAKE YOUR SIDEKICKS.

ESPECIALLY SINCE THE SMART ONES, LIKE FRASER, ARE ALL RUNNING FOR THE DOOR.

WE SHOULD DO THE SAME. TAKE ON PEARL AND NASH LATER. ON OUR TERMS.

MAYBE. BUT NOW THAT THE GUARDS ARE OFF DUTY, I WANT TO SEE WHAT FRASER HAS STASHED IN THE BASEMENT.

THERE'S A SMELL... SOMETHING WE SHOULD CHECK OUT.

UNLESS IT SMELLS LIKE A STASH OF ROCKET LAUNCHERS, WE'RE STICKING OUR NECKS OUT PRETTY FAR.

TRUST ME ON THIS.

TRUST HIM? WITH MY LIFE, NORMALLY. BUT HE LEFT "NORMAL" WAY BEHIND WHEN HE GOT THE IDEA HE COULD BRING GILES BACK TO LIFE.

I COULD SMASH THIS VIAL OVER HIS HEAD RIGHT NOW. TURN HIM HUMAN. DRAG HIS ASS OUT OF HERE.

YANK HIM RIGHT OUT OF THIS WORLD OF CRAZY HALF-DEMON TWINS AND MAGIC BLOOD.

FORCE HIM TO GIVE UP TRYING TO UNDO THE WORST THING HE EVER DID. TAKE AWAY THE ONE THING HE LIVES FOR.

AND WHAT IF PEARL AND NASH COME AFTER HIM? I'D BE SETTING HIM UP FOR THE SLAUGHTER.

BUT THIS STUFF'S AS FRAGILE AS ANGEL'S MIND. IT BREAKS, I GOT NOTHING.

DO OR DIE TIME, FAITH. SUCK IT UP AND MAKE A CHOICE.

OKAY. HERE GOES.

NO TURNING BACK NOW.

DAMN IT.

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS.

WH-WHAT...

WHAT *ARE* THEY?

UHHHIIIIIMMM... RUH-REGGIE.

RRREGGIE BUHBUHBANKS.

GGOT A WUH-WIFE ANN KIDSSHH...PLEASE, I NEEDTA...

TELLUM...HID SOME MUHMONEY UNNA THE FLOOR...

I TALKED TO YOUR WIFE. SHE'S FINE. THE KIDS, TOO.

THEY'RE...

...PEOPLE?

FRASER'S CLIENTS. THE ONES WHO TOOK THE MOHRA BLOOD *AFTER* THE SEED WAS DESTROYED. THAT'S WHY SO MANY WERE MISSING.

THE END OF MAGIC DID SOMETHING TO THE BLOOD... CHANGED IT. IT STILL REGENERATES. BUT IT *NEVER STOPS.*

THE BODY'S CELLS KEEP GROWING. LIKE CANCER...

...THAT GOES ON FOREVER.

PLEASE...IT HURTS. YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW IT HURTS.

SOME CAN'T EVEN TALK ANYMORE. JUST SCREAM. THEIR MINDS ARE BROKEN FROM THE PAIN.

THEY'VE BEEN KEEPING US HERE, TRYING TO FIND A CURE...NOTHING WORKS. IT JUST GETS WORSE.

I'VE TRIED TO KILL MYSELF SIX TIMES...WE'VE TRIED TO KILL EACH OTHER. WE JUST HEAL.

PLEASE...CAN YOU STOP IT? CAN YOU END IT?

I CAN. AND I WILL.

BUT FIRST I NEED YOUR HELP.

THIS... IS THE MOST DREADFUL... BORE!

OH, DON'T BE SO GOAL ORIENTED. ENJOY THE MOMENT. THIS IS THE FIRST REAL CHALLENGE WE'VE HAD IN AGES.

WELL, I SUPPOSE IT'S ALMOST OVER--

--RRUGGH!

MMURRRGumm!

FRASER LUHLIED TO YOU ALL. THE MOHRA BLOOD D-DOESN'T HEAL ANY MORE.

IT DUHDUHDOES THIS.

SATAN'S BALLS, THAT'S REGGIE BLOODY *BANKS!* I WATCHED HIM TAKE THE CURE MYSELF!

BLOOD'S ALL YOURS, MATE. *L'CHAIM.*

SOD THIS! THE DAMN THINGS HEAL AS SOON AS YOU *CUT* 'EM!

ENOUGH!

FSSASSHH

IT SEEMS WE CAME HERE FOR NOTHING.

AND YOU, O LORD AND MASTER, ARE *LESS* THAN NOTHING.

WE'LL SEE YOU AGAIN, WHEN WE CAN AFFORD TO WASTE THE TIME. MAYBE WHEN *BRITAIN'S GOT TALENT* ISN'T ON.

GOTTA BE A TRICK. THEY'LL DOUBLE BACK--

NO, THEY'RE GOING. MUST'VE EXPENDED MORE ENERGY IN THE FIGHT THAN THEY LET ON.

HURRAAGGHH!

OR MAYBE THEY WEREN'T UP FOR *THAT.*

SHHK

HE'S DEAD. I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS POSSIBLE...

SEPARATE THE BRAIN FROM THE BODY. GENERALLY THE ONLY THING THAT WORKS FOR REGENERATORS.

I'M SORRY.

DON'T BE.

JUST DON'T MISS.

YOU OKAY?

NOTHING GOOD EVER HAPPENS WHEN I WEAR A DRESS.

IT WAS WHAT THEY WANTED.

I KNOW. IT'S NOT... FORGET IT.

FAITH. WE'VE GOT ENOUGH ON OUR CONSCIENCE WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT THINGS WE ***ALMOST*** DID.

W-WHAT?

IT BOTHERS ME TOO. ***THAT*** COULD'VE BEEN GILES. WE COULD'VE DESTROYED HIS BODY INSTEAD OF RESTORING IT. BUT WE ***DIDN'T.***

WE'LL FIND ANOTHER WAY. I'M GOING TO BRING HIM BACK, FAITH. I MADE A PROMISE, AND THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING BACK ON IT.

RIGHT.

LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE, HUH?

KENT

YOU TWO LOOK LIKE YOU WAS RODE HARD AND PUT AWAY WET.

WE RAN INTO ANGEL. WASN'T AS FUN AS WE'D ANTICIPATED.

YEAH, HE'S GOT A WAY OF TURNING A FIRE DRILL INTO A FIVE-ALARMER, DOESN'T HE?

YOU GET WHAT YOU CAME FOR?

CAREFUL WITH THAT, WHISTLER. LAST VIAL OF MOHRA BLOOD ON EARTH. ANGEL'S BITCH SLIPPED IT RIGHT INTO MY POCKET. THAT'S WHY WE LEFT; I DIDN'T WANT TO RISK BREAKING IT.

TURNS OUT THE END OF MAGIC *CHANGED* THE BLOOD OF ETERNITY. INCREASED ITS POTENCY TO LETHAL LEVELS.

NOW, INSTEAD OF HEALING YOU, IT TURNS YOU INTO THE ELEPHANT MAN ON HUMAN GROWTH HORMONE. AN INCREDIBLY POWERFUL, NEARLY IMMORTAL BEING IN PERPETUAL AGONY.

IN OTHER WORDS...

...IT'S EVEN *BETTER* FOR WHAT WE'VE GOT IN MIND.

HYDE PARK? BIT OF A NAFF MEETING PLACE FOR SLAYERS, ISN'T IT?

YOU FIGURE I CAN'T START A BRAWL HERE? THINK AGAIN. I SEE SOME HIPPIES PLAYING HACKY SACK WHOSE FACES I'D QUITE LIKE TO SMASH IN.

NADIRA. SHUT UP. I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS.

PEARL AND NASH. THE HALF DEMONS WHO KILLED YOUR SISTERS. I SAW THEM.

YOU-- *WHERE?* ARE YOU SURE? WE'VE GOT TO--

EASY. I'M SURE. IT WAS AT A DEMON GATHERING. THEY GOT AWAY.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE, EXACTLY...BUT THEY'RE HERE, IN ENGLAND.

WE'LL FIND THEM. I PROMISE YOU.

AND WE'LL MAKE THEM PAY FOR WHAT THEY DID.

OH, GOD, THANK YOU. THANK YOU.

I'VE FELT LIKE I'M GOING INSANE. LASHING OUT AT EVERYONE...PEOPLE I DON'T EVEN KNOW...MY BEST FRIENDS.

JUST FEELING LIKE THERE'S A CHANCE...A CHANCE TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT...I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT IT MEANS.

AND AFTER THEM, I'LL FIND AND KILL ANGEL.

AND MAYBE THEN I'LL FINALLY HAVE SOME PEACE.

HELLO, FAITH.

YOU AGAIN. ALASDAIR, RIGHT?

Y'KNOW, IF YOU'RE *NOT* A PERVERT, HANGING AROUND PUBLIC PARKS IN AN OVERCOAT ISN'T EXACTLY HELPING YOUR CASE.

I HEARD ABOUT THE INCIDENT WITH THE MOHRA BLOOD. TRAGIC. AND TYPICAL OF THE SORTS OF THINGS HAPPENING WITH MAGIC GONE FROM THE EARTH.

YOU SEE NOW THE DANGERS INHERENT IN PURSUING SOMETHING AS RECKLESS AS WHAT ANGEL INTENDS.

HAVE YOU GIVEN ANY THOUGHT TO OUR PREVIOUS DISCUSSION?

Y'KNOW WHAT I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT? THAT I'M LYING TO EVERYONE IN MY LIFE. EVERYONE WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE MY FRIEND.

JUST LIKE I USED TO IN THE BAD OLD DAYS.

I KNOW NOTHING OF YOUR PAST INDISCRETIONS. BUT IT APPEARS TO ME THAT WHAT YOU'RE DOING NOW IS TO PROTECT YOUR FRIENDS. TO SAVE THEM FROM THEMSELVES.

AT TIMES THAT MAY REQUIRE KEEPING THINGS FROM THEM. AT OTHER TIMES...IT MAY NOT.

YOU KNOW ANGEL FAR BETTER THAN I. HE NEEDS SOMEONE CLOSE TO HIM, TO DISSUADE HIM FROM HIS MAD PLAN. HOW BEST THAT'S DONE, I LEAVE TO YOUR JUDGMENT.

YEAH, WELL...

YESTERDAY MY JUDGMENT ALMOST GOT ANGEL *KILLED.*

ANGEL?

YOU LOOK LIKE SUCH A NERD. I THOUGHT VAMPIRES DIDN'T NEED GLASSES.

IF YOU NEEDED THEM BEFORE, YOU NEED THEM AFTER. THEY'RE JUST READING GLASSES. THESE MONKS LOVED THEIR TINY CURSIVE.

I'VE BEEN RESEARCHING. THERE ARE OTHER WAYS TO RESTORE A PHYSICAL BODY. A ***SADHU*** IN 1764 CLAIMED HE DID IT FROM ***ASHES.***

I'M NOT SAYING IT'LL BE EASY. BUT IT'S NOT HOPELESS.

C'MERE A MINUTE, OKAY?

SOMETHING WRONG?

LISTEN...THIS THING YOU'RE DOING. BRINGING GILES BACK TO LIFE. I GET IT.

I KNOW WHY IT MEANS SO MUCH TO YOU. HE... WAS IMPORTANT TO ME TOO.

AND I'M WITH YOU. I'M BACKING YOUR PLAY. I OWE YOU THAT.

BUT I GOTTA BE HONEST. I DON'T THINK YOU CAN DO IT.

EVERYTHING WE EVER LEARNED--A LOT OF IT FROM GILES HIMSELF--SAYS ONE OF THE FEW ABSOLUTES IN LIFE IS YOU CAN'T BRING SOMEONE BACK FROM A NATURAL DEATH.

AND ANGEL, IF YOU CROSS LINES TRYING... I'M GONNA STOP YOU.

WHATEVER IT TAKES.

I KNOW.

YOU *WHAT?*

WHY DO YOU THINK I ASKED FOR YOUR HELP?

I KNOW I CAN GET A LITTLE... OBSESSED SOMETIMES.

AND THE LAST THING GILES WOULD WANT IS FOR ME TO BRING HIM BACK BY HURTING PEOPLE.

WHAT I DIDN'T HAVE AS *TWILIGHT* WAS SOMEONE I COULD TRUST. SOMEONE WHO'D SEEN ME AT MY BEST AND MY WORST. WHO *KNEW* ME.

SOMEONE TO TELL ME WHEN I WAS GOING TOO FAR...AND TO *STOP* ME IF I WOULDN'T STOP *MYSELF.*

THAT'S WHAT I'M ASKING YOU TO DO, FAITH.

I KNOW IT'S A LOT. IT'S NOT YOUR RESPONSIBILITY, AND IF YOU DON'T WANT IT--

HEY. WHAT'D I SAY BEFORE? I GOT YOUR BACK.

DON'T MAKE ME PUT A STAKE THROUGH IT.

UP FOR SOME DINNER? I WAS GONNA NUKE THAT LEFTOVER THAI.

I'M FINE. GONNA BE HERE A WHILE.

YOU BEEN IN HERE ALL DAY. WON'T TAKE ME TWO SECONDS TO HEAT UP A MUG OF BLOOD.

A SPOT OF TEA WOULD BE DELIGHTFUL, IF IT WON'T PUT YOU OUT.

HEY, THAT WAS AWESOME! YOU SOUNDED JUST LIKE HIM!

JUST LIKE WHO?

WH--

YOU JUST--

NEVER MIND.

EARL GREY COMING UP.

The End.

I'VE BEEN A SUCKER FOR DETECTIVE STORIES EVER SINCE THEY WERE INVENTED. SPENT FIVE YEARS CONVINCING CHANDLER TO QUIT SCREWING AROUND IN HOLLYWOOD AND DO MORE PHILIP MARLOWE.

AND I GUESS IT'S OBVIOUS. I MEAN, SURE, I STARTED **ANGEL INVESTIGATIONS** TO HELP PEOPLE. BUT IF I'M BEING HONEST, I ALSO GOT A KICK OUT OF FEELING LIKE SAM SPADE.

THAT'S OVER NOW. I'M STILL RUNNING DOWN LEADS FROM THE **WATCHER'S FILES**, BUT THAT'S MOSTLY ABOUT BRINGING GILES BACK. SOMETHING WORTH DOING... SOMETHING I **HAVE** TO DO.

RAP RAP

BUT SOMETIMES...DAYS LIKE TODAY...I MISS THE WAY THINGS USED TO BE.

RAIN BEATING A STACCATO RHYTHM ON THE GLASS...A SUDDEN KNOCK AT THE DOOR...

WAITING FOR IT TO OPEN, KNOWING THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ON THE OTHER SIDE WHO DESPERATELY NEEDS MY HELP.

THEN I REMEMBER WHY I QUIT.

In Perfect Harmony

HEYYYYYY!

SHRIIEK! OH MY GOD, IT'S BEEN FOREVER!
HELLO.
UM, ANGEL, I'M GONNA ASSUME YOU KNOW THESE... PEOPLE.
FAITH, HARMONY. HARMONY, FAITH.
SHE KNOWS WHO I AM.
I DO?
I'M CLEM. SHORT FOR CLEMENT.
COME INSIDE, HARMONY. PEOPLE AROUND HERE WORK.
NO, FOR REAL, I HAVE NO CLUE WHO YOU ARE.
HARMONY KENDALL! NUMBER-ONE VAMPIRE CELEBRITY, SHOULD HAVE WON "DANCING WITH THE STARS," NEWEST JUDGE ON "BRITAIN'S GOT TALENT"!
CORDELIA'S FRIEND FROM HIGH SCHOOL. GOT TURNED AT GRADUATION. DATED SPIKE. USED TO BE MY SECRETARY.
"EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT"!
I LOVE THAT *I'M* SUPPOSED TO BE THE SLUTTY ONE WHEN EVERYONE *BUT* ME HAS NAILED SPIKE.
HELLO! CAN WE *FOCUS?* THIS ISN'T A SOCIAL CALL. I NEED YOUR HELP TO SAVE THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD.
MY CAREER.

ANGEL, I NEED YOU TO INVESTIGATE SOMETHING. PRIVATELY.

I DON'T DO THAT ANY-MORE.

MONEY IS NO OBJECTION. SOMEONE'S BLACKMAILING ME. *LOOK.*

PLEASE TURN THAT OFF.

A *SEX TAPE?* I THOUGHT THOSE WERE GOOD CAREER MOVES FOR CHICKS WITH NO TALENT.

IN A SANE WORLD, SURE. BUT THINGS ARE ALL WEIRD NOW.

AND IT'S WHAT COMES NEXT THAT'S THE PROBLEM.

OKAY, THAT IS *NOT* HIS NECK.

I BEGGED YOU TO TURN IT OFF.

HARMONY, YOU JUST SHOWED ME YOU KILLED A GUY. YOU REALLY EXPECT US TO DO ANYTHING BUT *STAKE* YOU?

WAIT, MR. ANTSY PANTS! I DIDN'T JUST *FEED* ON HIM...

...I *SIRED* HIM.

WHICH IS *WORSE.*

IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO! HE *ASKED* ME TO...HE WAS DYING OF CANCER. AND MY ENTOURAGE WAS GETTING KIND OF THIN.

WE KNOW IT'S NOT HIM. HE'S DEAD. WELL, *MORE DEAD.*

HE TRIED TO GET BITEY WITH ONE OF THOSE SLAYER CLONES WHO CAN'T COME UP WITH A LOOK OF HER OWN. NO OFFENSE, HONEY.

HARMONY'S THE LEADING ADVOCATE OF *REFORM VAMPIRISM.* ONLY DRAIN BLOOD WITH PERMISSION... NOT ENOUGH TO KILL...AND *NO SIRING.*

IT WOULD LOOK *REALLY BAD* IF THIS GOT OUT.

Y'KNOW, WHEN YOU STARTED THIS STORY, I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS POSSIBLE FOR ME TO CARE ANY LESS. BUT HERE WE ARE.

OH! MY! GOD! I STUCK BY YOU DURING THE APOCALYPSE!

NO, YOU *RAN.*

ONLY AFTER EVERYONE ELSE!

LISTEN, THINGS ARE TENSE OUT THERE. ALL THE OLD RULES OF HUMAN/DEMON INTERACTION ARE GONE...EXCEPT HARMONY'S.

SHE SAVES COUNTLESS LIVES JUST BY BEING THE INSPIRATION SHE IS. IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HER--OR HER IMAGE--THAT'S ALL OVER.

THERE ARE BAD APPLES. VAMPIRE SUPREMACISTS WHO THINK HUMANS ARE WALKING JUICE BOXES.

YOU REALLY WANT EVERYONE TO STOP LISTENING TO HARMONY, AND START LISTENING TO THEM?

KENSINGTON. CASA DE HARMONY.

IT CAME IN THIS ENVELOPE.

NO POSTMARK...THEY'RE LOCAL. DID THIS GUY YOU SIRED HAVE FRIENDS, FAMILY...ANYONE WHO MIGHT GET THEIR HANDS ON HIS VIDEOTAPES?

IT CAME ON A *FLASH DRIVE,* GRANDPA.

AND IT'S NOT HIS, IT'S MINE. IT WAS WHEN MY REALITY SHOW GOT CANCELED...I THOUGHT I MIGHT NEED A GOOD SCANDAL TO STAY IN THE ZEITGEIST.

OKAY, WHO HAS ACCESS TO YOUR STUFF?

LET'S SEE...THE HELP, CAMERA CREWS, DECORATORS, THE IN-HOME COLONIC GUY...OH, AND EVERYONE WHO COMES TO MY PARTIES.

NARROW IT DOWN. ANYONE WHO ESPECIALLY HATES YOU... Y'KNOW WHAT? NEVER MIND.

LET'S CONSIDER WHO BENEFITS. CLEM MAY HAVE BEEN ON TO SOMETHING WHEN HE MENTIONED VAMPIRE SUPREMACISTS. THEY CONSIDER HER A TRAITOR.

IF YOU SQUEEZE HER FOR CASH AND RELEASE THE TAPE ANYWAY, YOU KILL TWO BIRDS.

I LOVE WATCHING YOU GUYS WORK. YOU'RE LIKE OLIVIA AND ELLIOT ON *S.V.U.* CALL ME A ROMANTIC, BUT I ALWAYS THOUGHT THOSE TWO SHOULD END UP TOGETHER.

HARM GETS A LOT OF HATE MAIL. I SAVE IT, JUST IN CASE... HERE.

SAME KIND OF ENVELOPE. NO POSTMARK.

AND THESE DAYS, VAMPIRES WHO STILL SIRE PEOPLE AREN'T HARD TO TRACK DOWN.

SEE THE ONES STANDING GUARD? ZOMPIRES. NEWLY SIRED VAMPIRES.

NOW THAT EARTH'S CUT OFF FROM THE HELL DIMENSIONS, DEMON ESSENCES CAN'T FULLY INHABIT HUMAN BODIES. BUT THEY CAN STILL ANIMATE THEM...LIKE A FAINT RADIO SIGNAL.

ZOMPIRES ARE MEANER AND STRONGER, BUT DUMBER. INTELLIGENT VAMPIRES USE THEM AS MUSCLE... KILLING MACHINES.

THE LAST THING WE NEED IS FOR THEIR POPULATION TO EXPLODE. HARMONY'S RIGHT...WE NEED TO PUT A STOP TO--

ZOMPIRES *HAVE* TO DO WHAT WE SAY? WITHOUT ATTITUDE OR SNARKY COMMENTS OR WHINING ABOUT MINIMUM WAGE--?

HARMONY.

IT'S HORRIBLE AND WE HAVE TO STOP IT.

YOU *HAD* TO BRING THE DOGS?

AFTER CESAR MILAN GOT MAULED, WE CAN'T GET SITTERS ANY-MORE.

THE DOGS WERE REALLY MEAN TO HIM TOO.

SHNK

JUST STAY OUT OF THE *WAY.* HARMONY, GET THE *SMART* ONES.

PAFF

ARE YOU NUTS? THIS IS *COUTURE!*

BLOODY HELL, JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO *TAP THE KEG.*

HEY, ROG, LOOK WHO IT IS. THAT *RACE-TRAITOR* SLAG WITH THE FAT ARSE.

I'M RETAINING BLOOD!

OH, IT IS **SO** ON NOW!

HEY! I FOUND HER *WEAK* SPOT!

I READ IN "*US WEEKLY*" HOW MUCH SHE LOVES HER DOGS. *YOU* LOT! RIP OUT THEIR FURRY LITTLE THROATS!

CLEM! RUN!

CAN'T. I PULLED A HAMSTRING IN MY STRIPPEROBICS CLASS.

GOT IT CAUGHT IN A DOOR AND JUST PULLED THE HECK OUT OF IT.

BUT IT'S OKAY...

...I TAKE A *SELF-DEFENSE* CLASS TOO.

RRHH! THEY ARE STRONG.

BUT STUPID, ATTACKING A LOOSE-SKINNED DEMON HEAD ON. NOW THAT CLEM THINNED OUT THE NUMBERS...

PAFF

...WE CAN FINISH THIS.

START TALKING. WHERE'D YOU GET THE SEX TAPE?

THE WHAT NOW?

DROP THE *ACT!* YOU CAN'T *STAND* THAT EVERYONE ADORES ME. YOU WANT TO RUIN MY CAREFULLY GROOMED IMAGE BY EXPOSING MY MOST PRIVATE, *INTIMATE* ACTS OF *LOVE!*

WAIT, A SEX TAPE OF *YOU?*

BRILLIANT! WHEN DOES IT DROP? I'VE GOT ALL TWELVE OF THE OTHERS. EVEN BOUGHT THE 3-D RERELEASES.

I KNOW THIS IS A BIT AWKWARD, BUT WOULD YOU MIND?

I KNEW IT! RACE TRAITOR! WANKER!

YOU WERE SO KEEN TO LEAVE THAT HATE MAIL AT HER PLACE 'COS YOU WERE HOPIN' TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF HER IN HER KNICKERS--

SHUT UP.

YOU EXPECT US TO BELIEVE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD *ANYTHING* ABOUT A TAPE OF HARMONY SIRING A GUY?

"SIRING"? OOH, THAT'S HOT. A BLOKE COULD GET *RICH* OFF SOMETHING LIKE THAT!

PAFF

EVERYONE JUST SEES ME AS AN *OBJECT.*

PAFF

BUT HE'S RIGHT. I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW...*FAMOUS* YOU WERE.

SORRY, THAT STUCK IN MY THROAT.

THAT TAPE COULD MAKE SOMEONE A MILLIONAIRE. THERE'S *NO NEED* FOR BLACKMAIL.

THEN IT'S *PERSONAL.* WHOEVER'S DOING THIS WANTS TO MAKE HER SQUIRM.

LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE TO MAKE THAT LIST OF PEOPLE WHO HATE HER AFTER ALL.

DIBS ON THE TOP SPOT.

KAT VON D. DITA VON TEESE. BASICALLY, EVERYONE WITH A "VON" IN THEIR NAME. I JUST THINK IT'S OBNOXIOUS AND I'M NOT SHY ABOUT SAYING SO.

P.E.T.A., 'CAUSE I GET MY DOGS FROM BREEDERS. AND THE BREEDERS, 'CAUSE I CALLED THE A.S.P.C.A. ON THEM SO THEY'D GET SHUT DOWN AND I WOULDN'T HAVE TO PAY THEM.

LET'S COVER THE FAMILIES OF PEOPLE YOU KILLED. AND THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES, IF YOU SIRED THEM.

BLEH. THAT WAS ***BEFORE.*** IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW.

THEY MIGHT SEE IT DIFFERENTLY. WE'LL NEED NAMES.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK *I'D* KNOW?

YOU'VE KILLED TONS OF PEOPLE AND YOU DON'T KNOW THEIR ***NAMES?***

OH, DON'T GIVE ME THAT LOOK, ANGEL. DO YOU KNOW THE NAMES OF THE PEOPLE *YOU* KILLED?

EVERY ONE.

UH-HUH. AND THAT'S WHY YOU'RE STILL A PRIVATE DICK WHILE I'M THE MOST IMPORTANT VAMPIRE IN THE WORLD.

I'M ***NOT*** A PRIVATE DICK! YOU ***BEGGED*** ME TO--

"WHEN I LET GO OF WHAT I AM, I BECOME WHAT I MIGHT BE." LAO TZU.

CHARLIE SHEEN TOLD ME THAT.

"IT IS SO CONCEITED AND TIMID TO BE ASHAMED OF ONE'S MISTAKES." BRENDA UELAND.

"PEOPLE HAVE A HARD TIME LETTING GO OF THEIR SUFFERING. OUT OF FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN, THEY PREFER SUFFERING THAT IS FAMILIAR." SOME ASIAN GUY.

I DOUBT THOSE PEOPLE WERE TALKING ABOUT *MASS MURDERERS.*

SURE, I *WAS* A MURDERER. BUT UNLIKE YOU, I DECIDED TO LET GO OF THE PAST AND EMBRACE THE FUTURE.

AND BECAUSE OF *ME,* NOW VAMPIRES AND HUMANS ARE LIVING IN PERFECT HARMONY. MOSTLY.

LOOK, YOU GUYS REALLY NEED TO CHECK YOUR BAGGAGE. LET ME HELP. INSTEAD OF PAYING YOU ACTUAL MONEY.

SUPERBIA'S ON MY P.R. TEAM. SHE GROOMS MY IMAGE FOR THE SUPERNATURAL COMMUNITY. WHICH YOU COULD REALLY USE, ANGEL.

I MEAN, JOE SIX-PACK MIGHT NOT KNOW YOU FROM SANJAYA, BUT IN OUR CIRCLES? RIGHT NOW YOU'RE LOWER THAN BUFFY.

WRITE UP A CAMPAIGN TO FIX ANGEL'S IMAGE. AND WE CAN'T TIPTOE AROUND THE WHOLE "CREATING A NEW UNIVERSE, LEAVING OURS TO BURN" THING.

START A RUMOR HE WAS GOING TO TAKE GOOD HUMANS TO THE NEW UNIVERSE WITH HIM, ONCE IT WAS READY, AND LEAVE THE BAD ONES HERE FOR US TO EAT. THAT'S A FOUR-QUADRANT MESSAGE.

BUT THAT *IS* WHAT I WAS GOING TO--

SHH, I'M ON A ROLL. OH, AND MAKE IT SOUND LIKE WE HAD A THING. VAMPIRE SEX IS HOT RIGHT NOW.

HMM...I GET LINKED TO PEOPLE ALL THE TIME, THOUGH. WE MIGHT NEED PROOF. MAYBE WE SHOULD MAKE A TAPE...CLEM, GET THE CAMCORDER.

WHATEVER YOU SAY, HARMONY...

THERE WILL BE NO TAPE.

OH, RIGHT. ONE MOMENT OF PURE HAPPINESS AND YOU LOSE YOUR SOUL. YOU ALMOST HAD ONE RIGHT THERE, DIDN'T YOU?

OKAY, DO WHAT YOU CAN WITH WHAT YOU'VE GOT.

PLAY UP THE "HE WAS TRYING TO SAVE MAGIC" ANGLE.

I WANT IT BY SUNSET.

THIS LIST WON'T NARROW IT DOWN ENOUGH. MAYBE IF WE FOCUS ON DISGRUNTLED EMPLOYEES--

YOU THINK IT'D WORK?

WHAT, THE P.R. THING? DON'T KNOW, DON'T CARE.

THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN PEOPLE WHO HATE ME. USUALLY WITH GOOD REASON. I DON'T SEE HOW THIS IS ANY DIFFERENT.

I GUESS...

BUT LOOK AT HER. SHE HAS ZERO GUILT ABOUT ANYTHING SHE'S EVER DONE.

AND SHE'S MAKING MORE OF A DIFFERENCE THAN WE EVER DID.

HAVE THESE PEOPLE NOT HEARD OF *PHOTOSHOP?* I LOOK *TWENTY-FIVE!*

I AM WOMAN

GET IT OUT OF HERE. AND *YOU* GET OUT TOO. HOW COULD YOU LET THIS HAPPEN?

SHE'S A NARCISSIST WITH NO SOUL OR CONSCIENCE. A KILLER.

YEAH, WELL...WE'RE ALL KILLERS HERE.

NOT ME. MY KIND FEED ON EMOTIONS. EMBARRASSMENT'S THE TASTIEST. THAT'S WHY SO MANY OF US WALK AROUND NAKED.

I HAVE A BODY-IMAGE THING, THOUGH. GUESS I INTERNALIZED WESTERN STANDARDS OF BEAUTY, HUH?

WELL, GOTTA DUCK AND COVER. I'M IN THE DOGHOUSE AGAIN.

METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING...THE ACTUAL DOGHOUSE IS REALLY COMFORTABLE.

MY POINT IS, MAYBE WE *SHOULD* THINK ABOUT LETTING GO OF THE PAST A LITTLE.

WHAT SCARES YOU MORE? THE IDEA THAT WE MIGHT BE THINKING TOO MUCH ABOUT WHAT WE'VE DONE?

OR WHAT WE'D BECOME IF WE *FORGOT?*

YOU'RE RIGHT. THIS IS A WASTE OF TIME.

C'MON, LET'S DROP IN ON SOME HIVES OF SCUM AND VILLAINY.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

FOLLOWING SOME ANCIENT WISDOM. "WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS, BUST SOME HEADS."

FAITH LEHANE.

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING! I SWEAR ON A STACK OF NECRONOMICONS!

HEY, I DON'T *LIKE* HARMONY, BUT I'M NOT OUT TO *HURT* HER.

SHE MAKES THE HUMANS THINK WE'RE ALL SEXY AND CUDDLY. IT'S LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN A BARREL THESE DAYS.

AND THE MORE VAMPIRES GO VEGGIE, THE MORE *BLOOD* THERE IS FOR THE REST OF US.

HAR-MO-NY!

HAR-MO-NY!

THOSE ARE *SO* FAKE.

HURT *YOU?* NOW WHO'D WANT TO DO THAT, LOVE?

OH, DAVID, YOU KNOW HOW JEALOUS PEOPLE GET WHEN THEY REALIZE THEY DON'T MATTER AS MUCH AS US.

BUT FORGET ALL THAT. I THINK I'VE FOUND SOMETHING THAT GETS BIGGER THAN IT LOOKS... AND IT'S NOT A *TARDIS.*

SNAKE EYES ACROSS THE BOARD. WE GOT NO LEADS, NO MOTIVE, AND NO OPPORTUNITY.

FAITH'S RIGHT. WHICH ONLY LEAVES US ONE OPTION--GET AHEAD OF IT.

HARMONY, YOU HAVE TO RELEASE THE TAPE BEFORE THE BLACKMAILER DOES.

REALLY?

SURE. PUT YOUR OWN SPIN ON IT. "I WAS BAD, BUT I'VE CHANGED." LIKE STEVEN TYLER TELLING KIDS NOT TO DO DRUGS.

HMM...THAT MIGHT WORK. PEOPLE LOVE A REDEMPTION STORY. AND THE TAPE DOES SHOW HOW GOOD I AM WITH THE DIRTY TALK.

NO! YOU *CAN'T!* WHAT IF THEY *DON'T* FORGIVE YOU?

THE WORLD *LOVES* YOU! YOU *LOVE* IT LOVING YOU! AND I LOVE YOU LOVING IT LOVE YOU!

LET *ME* HANDLE THIS. I'LL FIND THESE PEOPLE AND PAY THEM OFF. MAKE IT ALL GO AWAY.

YOU COULD DO THAT?

SURE HE CAN.

HE'S THE ONE BLACKMAILING YOU.

OKAY, YOU REALLY *ARE* A CRAPPY DETECTIVE.

CLEM WOULD *NEVER.* HE'S MY BEST FRIEND. THE GAYLE TO MY OPRAH. HE'S--

CLEM...?

WHY?

I NEVER WOULD HAVE RELEASED IT. I JUST...

YOU DON'T VALUE ME. YOU DON'T EVEN PAY ME MINIMUM WAGE.

MY DERMATOLOGIST'S GOING CONCIERGE AND I NEED THE MONEY.

NOW TELL HER THE REAL REASON.

I...

I LOVE YOU, HARMONY.

I'VE TRIED TO TELL YOU A MILLION DIFFERENT TIMES, A MILLION DIFFERENT WAYS. BUT YOU CAN'T SEE WHAT'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU.

SO I THOUGHT I'D FAKE A BLACKMAIL ATTEMPT, THEN MAKE IT GO AWAY. GET YOU TO SEE ME AS A HERO. BUT YOU HAD TO CALL IN THESE TWO.

NOW, BECAUSE OF THEM...NO, WHO AM I KIDDING, BECAUSE OF ME... I'VE LOST THE WOMAN I LOVE... *AND* MY BEST FRIEND.

CLEM, YOU SILLY. YOU HAVEN'T LOST ME.

YOU MEAN... YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH ME TOO?

EW, *NO.* I ONLY DATE TENS.

I MEAN...I *HAVE* TO. WITH GREAT FAME COMES GREAT RESPONSIBILITY... TO ONLY BOINK PEOPLE AS HOT AS YOU.

CLEM...CAN YOU IMAGINE ME ON THE COVER OF "PEOPLE" WITH *YOU?* IT'D BE AS BAD FOR MY CAREER AS THE TAPE GETTING OUT.

I... HADN'T THOUGHT ABOUT THAT...

BUT TELL YOU WHAT, I'LL GIVE YOU A RAISE. SIMON COWELL'S PAYING YOUR SALARY NOW. HE CAN AFFORD IT.

AND WE CAN FORGET THIS EVER HAPPENED.

NOW LET'S GO. WE'VE STILL GOT TIME FOR A MUD BATH BEFORE MY HOT-STONE MASSAGE.

COME ON, HARMONY, EVEN YOU'RE NOT THAT DENSE. THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU CAN'T JUST PRETEND NEVER--

OKAY. I LOVE HOW SUPPLE CALISTOGA MUD MAKES MY SKIN.

LETTING GO.

YOU SHOULD TRY IT.

SUPERBIA'S IMAGE-REHAB PLAN. GUARANTEED TO WORK.

MOVE *ON* WITH YOUR LIFE, ANGEL.

"THE ONLY REASON TO LOOK BACK IS TO CHECK OUT YOUR OWN ASS."

HARMONY KENDALL.

WELL. THAT WAS--

UH-HUH.

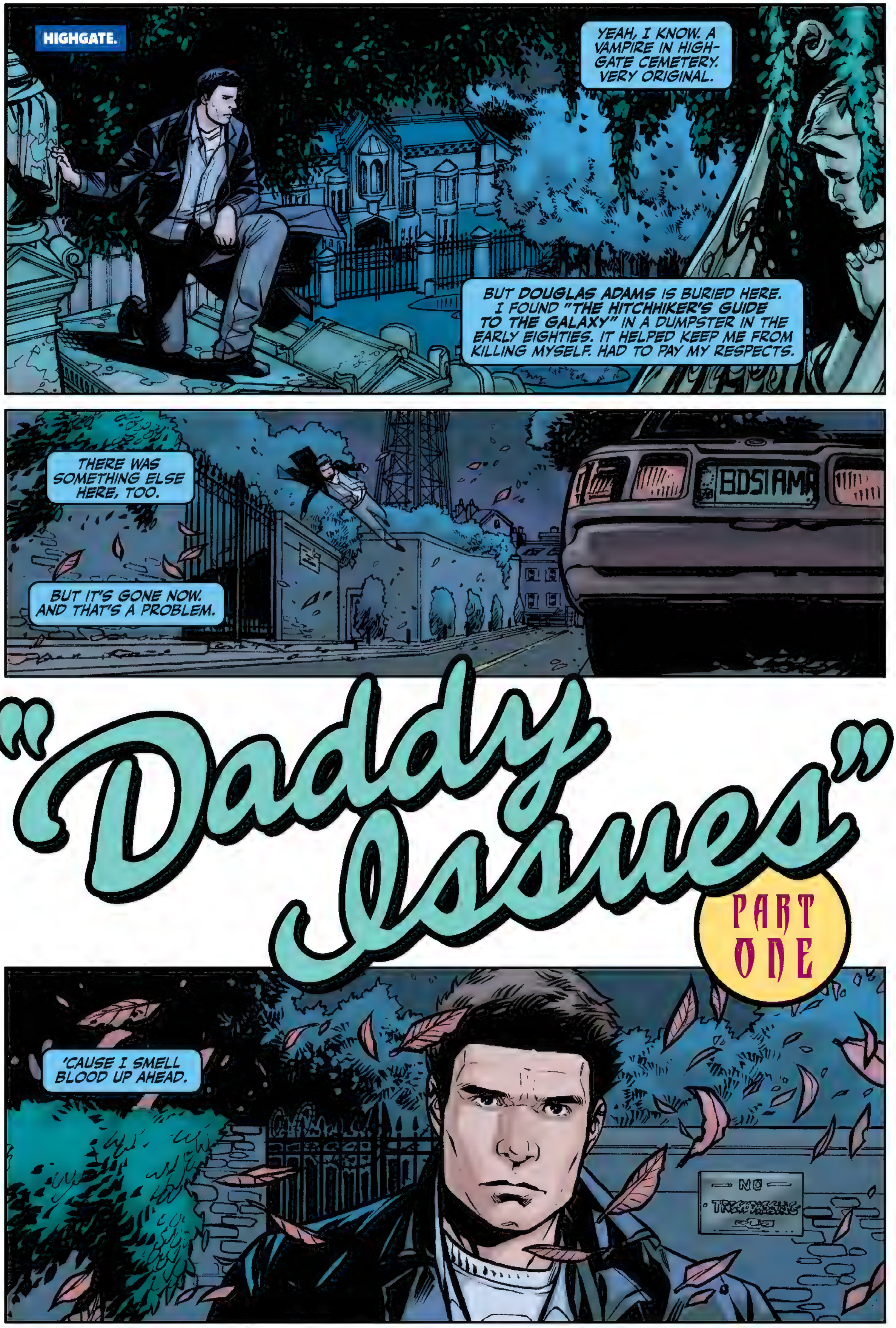
SO...

ANY TAKEAWAYS FROM ALL THAT?

YEAH.

FAMOUS PEOPLE ARE CRAZY.

THE END


HIGHGATE.
YEAH, I KNOW. A VAMPIRE IN HIGH-GATE CEMETERY. VERY ORIGINAL.
BUT DOUGLAS ADAMS IS BURIED HERE. I FOUND "THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY" IN A DUMPSTER IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES. IT HELPED KEEP ME FROM KILLING MYSELF. HAD TO PAY MY RESPECTS.
THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE HERE, TOO.
BUT IT'S GONE NOW. AND THAT'S A PROBLEM.
BOSTAMA
"Daddy Issues"
PART ONE
'CAUSE I SMELL BLOOD UP AHEAD.
NO TRESPASSING

MOST OF HIGHGATE'S PRETTY RITZY. PEOPLE LIKE RAY DAVIES AND ROD STEWART. BUT PARTS OF **HOLLY LODGE ESTATE** ARE PUBLIC HOUSING FOR THE ELDERLY.

THAT'S WHERE THE TRAIL LEADS. DAMN IT. TOWN FULL OF SPOILED CELEBRITIES AND THIS HAS TO HAPPEN TO WORLD WAR II VETERANS--

EVENIN'.

BIT YOUNG TO BE LIVING HERE, AIN'T YOU?

ACTUALLY, I'M...JUST LOOKING FOR A FRIEND. IS SOMETHING WRONG?

NOTHING UNUSUAL FOR THIS PLACE. A PENSIONER MISSED HIS REGULAR CALL TO HIS DAUGHTER. SHE PHONED US TO CHECK ON THE OLD FELLA.

USUALLY THEY'RE JUST ASLEEP, OR DOWN THE PUB. BUT SOMETIMES...Y'KNOW. THEY AIN'T SPRING CHICKENS.

I'LL GO FIRST.

SEEMS T'ME YOU'RE A BIT CONFUSED ABOUT WHO'S WEARING THE UNIFORM.

RIGHT. SORRY. AFTER YOU.

BLOODY HELL, THE STENCH...

LOOK, MATE, YOU WANNA GET BACK. DEPENDIN' ON HOW LONG THE BLOKE'S BEEN LYIN' THERE, IT COULD BE...

IT'S OUT.

THEY HAD THE DISEASE.

BUT I *CUT IT* OUT.

BLESSED CHRIST...

POLICE

I CAN HELP *YOU* TOO!

HELL!

POLICE

TRYING TO HELP ME...

...*NEVER* ENDS WELL.

HNGH!

NICE ONE. JUDO?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

SORRY, MATE, BUT I NEED YOU TO STEP OUT. CRIME SCENE AN' ALL.

LOOK FROM THERE, THOUGH, IF YOU LIKE. ONE OF THESE POOR SOULS YOUR FRIEND?

NO.

NO, I DON'T THINK HE'S BEEN HERE FOR A WHILE.

HIGHGATE CEMETERY. 1972.

DIE, UNDEAD FIEND!

ONE--TELLING THE UNDEAD TO DIE IS AN OXYMORON. TWO--I'M VERY MUCH ALIVE, NO THANKS TO YOUR IDIOCY.

AND THREE--*PAY BLOODY ATTENTION TO THE TASK, PHILIP!*

AAA! GET OFF!

WHAT CRAWLED UP *YOUR* BUM AND DIED, RUPERT? FIVE WATCHERS AGAINST A SINGLE VAMPIRE! THIS IS MEANT TO BE *FUN!*

NOT WATCHERS. NOT UNTIL WE'VE PASSED THE FINAL. WHICH YOU SEEM DETERMINED TO CAUSE US TO *FAIL.*

AND I REMIND YOU THAT *ANY* VAMPIRE IS A POTENTIALLY LETHAL THREAT, TO BE APPROACHED WITH THE UTMOST CAUTION.

AS IF WE HAVEN'T STAKED DOZENS. LUCY'S DONE TWENTY HERSELF. KNOWS HER WAY AROUND A PIECE OF WOOD, THIS ONE.

CHEEKY BASTARD.

WILL YOU ALL STOP TREATING THIS LIKE A SEASIDE HOLIDAY?

OUR EXPERIENCE HAS BEEN IN *CONTROLLED* SETTINGS. THIS IS OUR FIRST FIELD MISSION. WE KNOW *NOTHING.*

THE TABLOIDS MAY CALL IT "THE HIGHGATE VAMPIRE," BUT FOR ALL WE KNOW IT COULD BE A *NEST* OF THEM, OR--

OR A DRUNKEN SAILOR. OR LONELY PEOPLE IN DIRE NEED OF A *SHAG,* LYING TO GET ATTENTION.

MELLOW OUT, RUPERT. BEING *HEAD BOY* DOESN'T REQUIRE YOU TO BE A WANKER *ALL* THE TIME.

I AGREE WITH RUPERT. WE'RE BEING GRADED NOT ONLY ON RESULTS, BUT ON PERFORMANCE. HOW WE CONDUCT OURSELVES WILL DETERMINE--

LOOK!

From the journal of Rupert Giles: The moment I saw it, I knew something was very wrong.

FINALLY.

PHILIP, WAIT!

CAN'T YOU FEEL IT? THE *EVIL*? THAT'S NO *MAN*, RUPERT.

IT'S OUR *FINAL EXAM.*

Poor Philip--who, despite what he thought, I quite liked--misunderstood my warning.

I was not afraid it was a human being. Or a vampire, for that matter.

KRNCH

I feared it was something else entirely.

OH...

Tragically, I was right.

A Lorophage Demon is far stronger and deadlier than any vampire.

Using its proboscis and needle-like fingers, it draws sustenance from its victims' minds. A process that is usually fatal.

EEEAAGHH!

What it feeds on is trauma.

PHILIP!

We'd spent much of the past decade being locked in rooms with starving vampires. Peering into hell dimensions the merest sight of which can drive men mad. We'd seen so much horror.

It felt as if we'd been fattened up and sent to the slaughter.

Added to my already impressive collection of traumatic memories was the sight of Charlotte, a whip-smart and beautiful young woman I'd never quite mustered the courage to ask to tea, slaughtered before my eyes.

I felt <u>that</u> trauma, along with all the others, begin to rise to the forefront of my mind. And at that instant, I knew...

...I would first go utterly mad, and then die.

But just then the adult Watchers who'd accompanied us--to evaluate our performance and intervene should anything go wrong--finally arrived.

My father among them.

It seemed it took them an eternity to reach us. In reality, it had been mere seconds.

They were no match for the creature either. But it had fed well. It was sated.

So, with a prodigious leap, it left these annoyances behind.

And the only part of me that perished that day...

...was whatever innocence I had left.

My relationship with Father was already somewhat tense. These events did not improve matters.

MURDERER!

YOU SENT US IN *BLIND!* WORSE THAN BLIND... YOU COVERED US IN *RAW MEAT* AND LED US INTO THE *LION'S DEN!*

A TRAGIC MISHAP. OUR INTELLIGENCE WAS FAULTY. WE BELIEVED THE HIGHGATE VAMPIRE TO BE JUST THAT, OR WE NEVER WOULD HAVE LET YOU--

WE WEREN'T *READY!*

I WASN'T READY AT *MY* FINALS. NO ONE CAN EVER TRULY BE. WE OF THE COUNCIL HAVE TAUGHT YOU ALL WE KNOW, HOPING TO SPARE YOU OUR MISTAKES. BUT EVEN SO...

WE ARE *WATCHERS.* THE SPECTER OF DEATH IS PART AND PARCEL OF THE LIFE WE'VE CHOSEN.

"CHOSEN"? I NEVER *CHOSE* A BLOODY THING.

AS I RECALL, I WAS *INFORMED* AT THE AGE OF *TEN* THAT I WOULD BECOME A WATCHER, THEN SUMMARILY PACKED OFF TO STUDY HORROR AND DEATH ALONGSIDE LATIN AND GEOMETRY.

POOR CHOICE OF WORDS. THE SUPERNATURAL IS OUR HERITAGE, RUPERT. OUR *DESTINY.* WE CANNOT ESCAPE IT, SO WE MUST PREPARE TO MEET IT.

TO HELL WITH DESTINY. AND TO HELL WITH *YOU.* I AM MAKING A CHOICE *NOW,* FATHER. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE.

WHAT YOU DO--WHAT YOU *ARE*--IS AN OBSCENITY.

I WILL HAVE *NO PART* OF IT.

And with the righteousness of youth, I walked out on the life of a Watcher...though I was hardly done with dark magic and death.

But those events, I will recount in due course...

...for the mind can only endure so much pain at one time.

LONDON. NOW.

HE *BIT* ME! WITHOUT *PERMISSION!*

YOU'LL BE OKAY. IT'S NOT DEEP...

FAPP

ALL YOURS, NADIRA!

FAITH?

WHAT THE *HELL--?*

TAKE A GOOD LOOK.

KINDA DEFICIENT IN THE *FANG AND FACE BUMP* AREA, ISN'T HE?

HE'S... *HUMAN?*

NO! SHUT YOUR LYING MOUTH! I'M A *CREATURE OF THE NIGHT!*

SHE WOULDN'T SIRE ME. SHE SAID IT WAS AGAINST THE RULES. SO I SIRED *MYSELF.*

NOW I'M LIKE HER. *JUST* LIKE *HER.*

IF YOU'RE NICE TO ME, I'LL SIRE *YOU...*

CALL THE COPS. AND AN AMBULANCE FOR THE VICTIM. I'LL PATCH HER UP.

MY GOD. I WAS ALMOST A *MURDERER.*

OH, HELL, FAITH, I DIDN'T MEAN--

NAH, IT'S COOL. IT'S ACTUALLY A GOOD THING.

ONLY REASON I SAW IT COMING TONIGHT...

"...IS 'CAUSE I'VE BEEN THERE MYSELF."

I DEALT WITH IT. DID TIME, PAID MY DEBT. AND NOW I ACTUALLY USED IT TO *SAVE* A LIFE.

FIVE BY FIVE, RIGHT?

SO. WANNA TAKE A WILD GUESS WHO THIS "*SHE*" HE'S SO IN LOVE WITH IS?

GOT TO BE *MOTHER SUPERIOR.* BLOKE'S OBVIOUSLY TOUCHED. BEING REJECTED BY THE NEW "IT" VAMPIRE WAS PROBABLY ALL IT TOOK TO SEND HIM OVER THE EDGE.

NOW CAN WE GO AFTER HER?

SHE STILL HASN'T BROKEN ANY OF HARMONY'S RULES. DOESN'T KILL AND OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T SIRE. WE'VE GOT NO PROBABLE CAUSE.

WE'RE VAMPIRE SLAYERS, NOT THE BLOODY BILL. IS IT EVEN ILLEGAL TO KILL A VAMPIRE?

KIND OF A GRAY AREA. BIGGER PROBLEM-- WE SLAY A VAMP WHO'S PLAYING BY THE RULES, WE'RE STARTING A WAR.

I'M ON THIS. WHAT WE NEED IS A REASON TO DUST HER.

AND MOST VAMPIRES...THEY TEND TO HAVE A FEW SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET.

ROOFTOP OF THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE RUPERT GILES.

MOTHER SUPERIOR? I HEAR SHE ATTRACTS THE GOTH CROWD LIKE FLIES. BUT SHE OBEYS THE RULES.

FAR AS WE KNOW. SHE STAYS OUT OF SIGHT. DOESN'T USE HER REAL NAME.

NEITHER DO I. A LOT OF US PICK NEW NAMES WHEN WE TURN. IT'S TRADITION IN SOME BLOODLINES.

YOU DON'T WANNA DEAL WITH IT, FINE. BUT SHE'S UP TO SOMETHING. I'VE RUN INTO TWO DIFFERENT NUT JOBS WITH TIES TO HER RAISING HELL.

NUT JOBS HOW? WANTING TO BE VAMPIRES?

MORE LIKE A FEW BEERS SHORT OF A CASE. THEY DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT ANYTHING. THEIR LIFE. ANYONE ELSE'S.

I MET SOMEONE LIKE THAT MYSELF.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE ALL TUNNEL VISION WITH TRYING TO BRING GILES BACK.

THIS IS...KIND OF RELATED. THAT LAST ENTRY IN HIS DIARY I READ YOU...THE LOROPHAGE DEMON. I CHECKED THE WATCHER'S FILES. THEY HAVE HIBERNATION CYCLES...SLEEP FOR DECADES.

THEY WAKE UP AND FEED WHEN "THE STARS OF THE OLD ONES WHO BIRTHED THEM ALIGN."

IN OTHER WORDS... NOW.

HOME OF ALASDAIR COAMES.

A LOROPHAGE DEMON? CAUSE AN EPIDEMIC OF MADNESS? IT'S POSSIBLE...BUT UNLIKELY.

THE WATCHER'S FILES ARE CORRECT. THERE *HAVE* BEEN CASES OF THEIR VICTIMS GOING INSANE...FROM ALL THEIR TRAUMA BEING FORCED TO THE SURFACE AT ONCE.

BUT ONLY RARELY, WHEN ATTACKS ARE *INTERRUPTED*. THE LOROPHAGI ARE CREATURES OF INSTINCT. THEY DRAIN EVERY DROP OF SUSTENANCE FROM THEIR PREY, KILLING THEM.

GILES DIDN'T DIE. OR GO CRAZY.

HIS ATTACK WAS STOPPED ALMOST IMMEDIATELY. AND YOU DIDN'T KNOW HIM AS RIPPER. A TRAINED WATCHER USING MAGIC SO RECKLESSLY IS HARDLY WHAT I'D CALL RATIONAL.

OH, PLEASE. BEING YOUNG AND STUPID DOESN'T MAKE YOU MANSON.

EASY, HE DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING. THE QUESTION IS, WHY WOULD THIS ONE DEMON KEEP LEAVING VICTIMS ALIVE? I DON'T BUY THAT IT KEEPS GETTING INTERRUPTED.

WHAT IF IT'S ON PURPOSE? MAYBE IT'S BEING *CONTROLLED* BY SOMEONE.

AN INTERESTING NOTION. BUT THEY'RE QUITE RESISTANT TO MAGIC.

I GUESS IT COULD BE HYPNOTIZED OR SOMETHING...HAVE TO BE ONE HELL OF A HYPNOTIST, THOUGH.

SOME DEMONS *DO* HAVE INNATE MESMERIC ABILITIES. NOT MAGICAL, PER SE, BUT QUITE POWERFUL...

VAMPIRES.

IF THE DEMON HAS A GUIDING HAND, THIS IS A GRAVE THREAT INDEED.

I TRUST YOU SEE THE URGENCY OF ADDRESSING THIS MATTER OVER ANY OTHER PURSUITS YOU MAY BE--

YEAH, DEFCON ONE, GOT IT. THANKS FOR THE 411.

WHAT WAS THAT?

WHAT?

WE ASK THE MAN FOR HELP, WHICH HE GIVES, AND YOU BITE HIS HEAD OFF.

HE TALKS TOO MUCH. TYPICAL OLD GUY. WE NEED TO SHUT THIS DOWN NOW, END OF STORY.

I HAD THE GIRLS CHECK OUT THE NEWEST RESIDENTS OF ARKHAM ASYLUM. DAPHNE JUST TEXTED. A WAR VET, A RAPE SURVIVOR, AND AN ABUSED KID.

THEY'D ALL BEEN DOING FINE, CONSIDERING, THEN BAM...SEE A PATTERN?

YEAH. GOURMET MEALS FOR A LOROPHAGE DEMON.

AND THEIR FAMILIES ALL SAY THEY'D GOTTEN OBSESSED WITH MOTHER SUPERIOR. LIKE THEY'D JOINED A CULT OR SOMETHING.

WHAT I DON'T GET IS WHAT'S IN IT FOR HER. WHAT DOES A VAMPIRE GET OUT OF MAKING PEOPLE CRAZY?

ONE WAY TO FIND OUT. DAPHNE HEARD WHERE MOTHER SUPERIOR HANGS. A DECONSECRATED CHURCH TURNED NIGHTCLUB... IN HIGHGATE.

YOU WOULDN'T THINK A VAMPIRE'D BE SO INTO CHURCH STUFF. I GET IT, THOUGH. SPENT THREE YEARS IN CATHOLIC SCHOOL.

ONCE NUNS GET IN YOUR HEAD THERE'S NO GETTING 'EM OUT. KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

LET'S GO.

MOTHER SUPERIOR.

TAKE US TO HER AND YOU GET TO STAY IN YOUR FANTASY WORLD.

OR YOU COULD DO THIS...

HUMAN GROUPIES AND MINOR VAMPIRES. I DON'T HAVE THE PATIENCE FOR THIS.

...AND GET *REALITY* CRAMMED DOWN YOUR POSER THROATS.

I HATE CHURCHES. AND NOT BECAUSE SO MANY THINGS IN THEM BURN MY FLESH.

THEY BRING BACK BAD MEMORIES.

WHITE HART PUB.

HEY, EXCUSE ME... THE BARTENDER SAID YOU GIRLS WERE... YOU KNOW...

PROSTITUTES?

SLAYERS.

I USED TO SPECIALIZE IN NUNS. KILLING THEM.

IN THE SICKEST, MOST BRUTAL WAYS I COULD THINK OF.

AND I HAD A VIVID IMAGINATION.

YOU COULD SAY THAT WAS ANGELUS, NOT ME. BUT I REMEMBER ALL OF IT. WHAT I DID. HOW THEY SCREAMED. HOW GOOD IT FELT.

ALL THAT POWER.

SOME OF MY WORST MOMENTS WERE RIGHT HERE IN LONDON.

BEING REMINDED OF THEM PISSES ME OFF.

WHERE IS SHE?

I'M LOOKING FOR A SLAYER. NAME'S FAITH LEHANE. HEARD SHE LIVES AROUND HERE.

MAYBE YOU KNOW HER?

TIME FOR CONFESSION, MOTHER SUPERIOR.

YOU GO FIRST. IT STARTS, "BLESS ME..."

WAIT.

I KNOW WHAT COMES NEXT.

OH.

OH.

NEVER HEARD OF HER.

AND IF WE HAD, WHY THE HELL WOULD WE TELL YOU?

"FATHER."

ISN'T THAT RIGHT?

DRUSILLA.

WHY TELL ME?

BEST REASON IN THE WORLD.

I'M HER DADDY.

THERE'S SOMETHING... OFF ABOUT HER. NOT THE USUAL. SOMETHING...

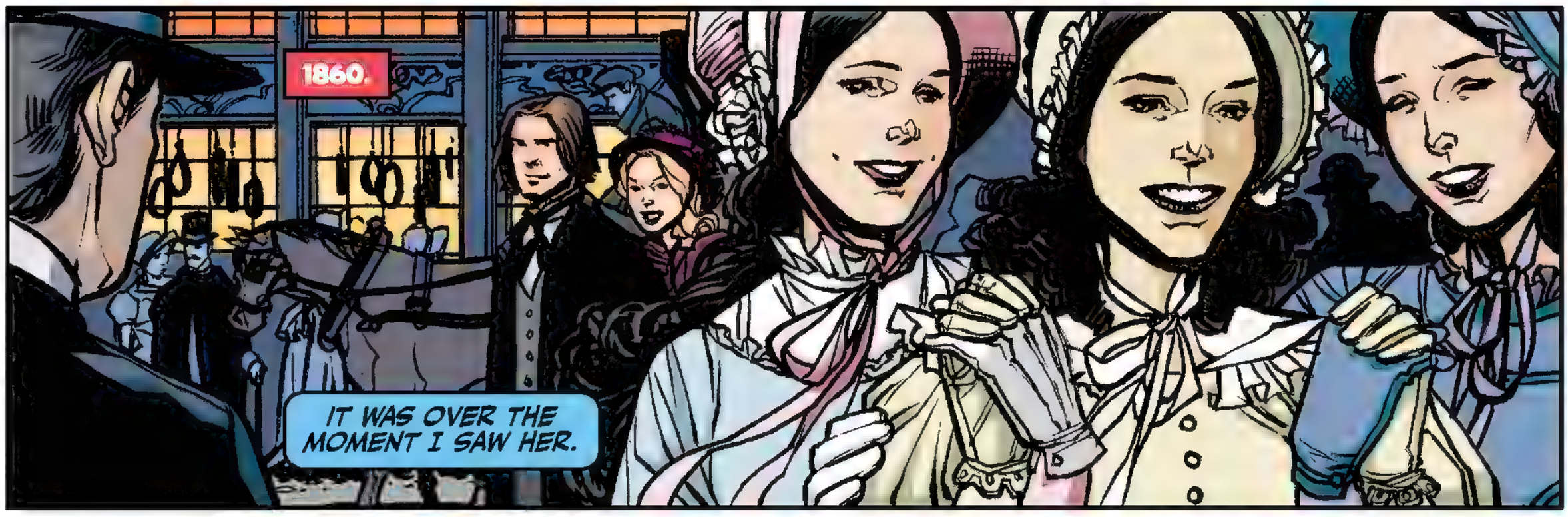
I KNOW IT'S A BIT ON THE NOSE... THE GIRL WHO ALMOST BECAME A NUN SETTING UP SHOP IN A CHURCH. BUT I'M FEELING NOSTALGIC.

THE TWO OF US...LONDON... BLASPHEMY...THE MORE THINGS CHANGE THE MORE THEY STAY THE SAME.

OH MY GOD... DRUSILLA...

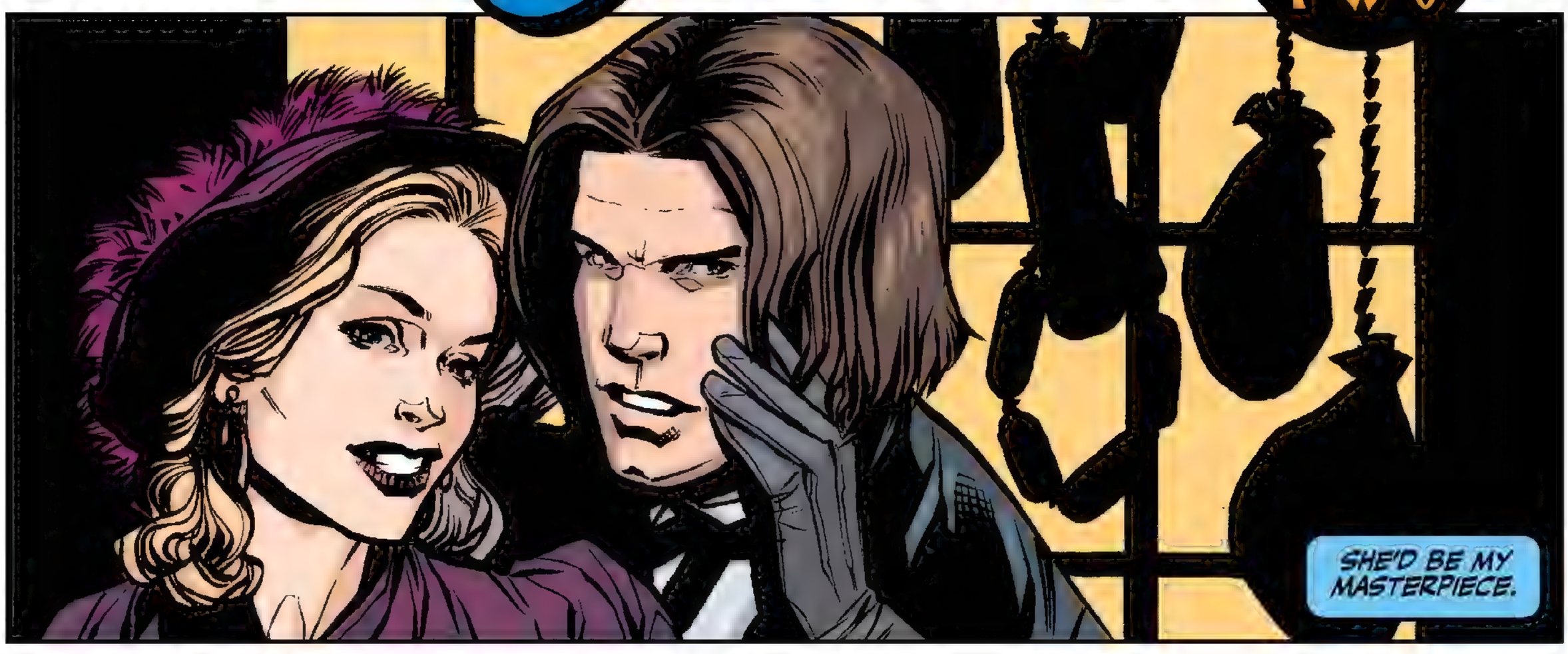
WELL. SOME THINGS.

...SHE'S SANE.



"Daddy Issues"

PART TWO



I SLAUGHTERED HER FAMILY. ONE BY ONE.

AND WHEN SHE TURNED TO GOD FOR HELP...

...I PROVED HE COULDN'T PROTECT HER. OR WOULDN'T.

I'D PLANTED THE IDEA IN HER MIND THAT SHE WAS EVIL. A SPAWN OF THE DEVIL. THAT HER SECOND SIGHT, HER VISIONS OF THE FUTURE, WERE PROOF OF THAT.

I CONVINCED HER THAT FOR HER, THERE COULD BE NO SALVATION.

I DESTROYED EVERYTHING SHE HAD. EVERYTHING THAT GAVE HER WORLD MEANING.

WHEN THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE LEFT, I DESTROYED HER MIND.

THEN I SIRED HER. MADE HER IMMORTAL. CONDEMNED HER TO AN ETERNITY OF INSANITY... SO MY GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT WOULD ENDURE FOREVER.

NOW.

BUT NOTHING IS FOREVER.

I GOT MY SOUL BACK. WHAT I ONCE CONSIDERED TRIUMPHS ARE A MOUNTAIN OF SINS I CAN NEVER ATONE FOR.

AND DRUSILLA...

...SHE'S CHANGED TOO.

YOU'RE SANE.

HOW?

NOW *THAT'S* QUITE A FUNNY STORY.

YOU REMEMBER HOW I ALWAYS WANTED PETS. PUPPIES, KITTENS, ORPHANS...SUCH FRAGILE CREATURES. ALWAYS MEETING WITH...*MISFORTUNES.*

A FRIEND SUGGESTED A *LOROPHAGE DEMON.* MUCH STURDIER. NOT AS CUDDLY, MIND, BUT THEY DO LOOK A BIT LIKE THOSE PLASTIC TROLLS WITH THE BIG EYES, DON'T THEY?

THEY NORMALLY WON'T FEED ON VAMPIRES. THEY GET NOURISHMENT FROM *TRAUMA,* YOU SEE, AND ONE TENDS TO NEED A SOUL TO FEEL EMOTIONAL PAIN.

BUT, OF COURSE, THE AGONY YOU INFLICTED ON ME AS A HUMAN HAD BECOME PART AND PARCEL OF WHO I WAS.

AND WHEN MY FRIEND HERE AWOKE FROM HIBERNATION, HE WAS *OH* SO HUNGRY.

HE SUCKED IT OUT. ALL THE PAIN. AND IT WAS A *REVELATION.*

OH, I REMEMBERED WHAT YOU DID TO ME. BUT I NO LONGER CARED.

ALL THE CONFUSION, THE FEAR, THE TORMENT...GONE. POOF! JUST LIKE THAT.

WHAT WAS I TO DO WITH MY NEW LEASE ON UNDEATH? THE POSSIBILITIES WERE ENDLESS.

BUT EVERY GIRL ADORES HER FATHER. SO I DECIDED TO BE LIKE YOU.

TO *HELP THE HELPLESS.*

YOU SEE, A LOROPHAGE DEMON IS RULED BY ITS APPETITES. ON ITS OWN, IT SUCKS THE TRAUMA FROM ITS PREY QUICKLY. VIOLENTLY. ALL AT ONCE, KILLING THEM.

BUT WITH GUIDANCE FROM ME... A SPOT OF PRECISION, A BIT OF RESTRAINT... *EVERYONE* BENEFITS.

I COULD HELP YOU, TOO, ANGEL.

YOU'RE *FEEDING* PEOPLE TO THIS-- THING?

HOW YOU CARRY ON. *THEY* COME TO *ME.* PEOPLE CRIPPLED BY GHOSTS FROM THEIR PAST.

I TAKE AWAY THEIR PAIN. AND FEED MY FRIEND IN THE PROCESS. EVERYONE GOES HOME HAPPY.

THE PEOPLE YOU "HELP" ARE GOING *CRAZY.* HURTING OTHERS. *KILLING* THEM.

I'M PUTTING THIS MONSTER DOWN--

CRACK

EASIER SAID THAN DONE. AND, I MIGHT ADD, *RUDE.*

THE PEOPLE WHO COME TO ME ARE QUITE DISTURBED. I CAN'T FIX THEM ALL.

BUT IF IT'S *TESTIMONIALS* YOU WANT, LOOK AROUND YOU.

I LOST MY WIFE AND KIDS IN A CAR ACCIDENT. WOKE UP WITH MY BABY'S HEAD IN MY LAP. I WAS A USELESS SOT UNTIL I CAME HERE.

I WAS A DRUG ADDICT. SPENT FIVE YEARS SELLING MYSELF ON THE STREETS. MOTHER SUPERIOR SAVED MY LIFE.

"MOTHER SUPERIOR"?

WELL, I COULDN'T USE MY NAME, NOW COULD I? I HAD A VISION YOU WERE IN TOWN. DIDN'T WANT YOU DROPPING IN UNTIL I WAS READY TO GREET YOU PROPERLY.

BUT NOW I AM. AND I WAS SO VERY EXCITED WHEN I SAW YOU COMING.

I OBEY THAT BLONDE TWIT HARMONY'S RULES. MY FRIENDS FEED ME BLOOD GLADLY, JUST A BIT FROM EACH. I'VE TURNED THE LOROPHAGE FROM A PREDATOR TO A HEALER.

NOTHING THAT GOES ON HERE SHOULD OFFEND YOUR DELICATE SENSIBILITIES.

YOU'RE STUCK IN THE PAST, ANGEL. BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO BE.

IT CAN'T HURT YOU ANY MORE.

ALL THAT CRUSHING GUILT. TWO HUNDRED YEARS' WORTH. I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GET OUT OF BED EACH DAY.

LET ME TAKE THE BURDEN FROM YOU.

NO.

YOU HAVE NO SOUL. YOU'RE NOT CAPABLE OF DOING ANYTHING SELFLESS.

THERE IS SOMETHING IN IT FOR ME. I'M QUITE COMFORTABLE.

WELL. NOT AT THIS VERY MOMENT.

HAVEN'T YOU BEEN LISTENING? YOU REALLY HAVE NO REASON TO FIGHT ME. BUT IF YOU SIMPLY *MUST* BE NAUGHTY...

ANGEL.

WE SHOULD GO.

IT'S ALL RIGHT. COME BACK WHEN YOU'RE READY.

I COULD NEVER BE CROSS AT YOU, ANGEL.

WE'RE PART OF EACH OTHER, YOU AND I.

WE ALWAYS WILL BE.

WE HAVE TO STOP HER.

FROM DOING WHAT? IT'S LIKE I TOLD THE GIRLS, WE NEED A REASON, OR WE'RE STARTING A WAR.

WE'VE *GOT* A REASON. SHE'S DRIVING PEOPLE ***INSANE.***

YOU TAKE AWAY THEIR EMOTIONS, EVEN NEGATIVE ONES, YOU'RE SHUTTING OFF PART OF WHAT MAKES THEM HUMAN. IT'S NO WONDER SOME OF THEM SNAP.

DRUSILLA GETS OFF ON MESSING WITH PEOPLE'S HEADS. MAKING THEM CRAZY, THE WAY I DID TO HER. THE ABUSED KID GROWS UP TO BE AN ABUSER... AND IT'S ***MY FAULT.***

YEAH, I KNOW THE SONG. ***EVERYTHING'S*** YOUR FAULT.

LOOK, IF THE GUYS SHE DOES THIS TO ***CHOOSE*** IT, I'M NOT SURE IT'S OUR CALL TO STOP 'EM.

THERE WERE PLENTY OF PEOPLE IN THERE WHO SEEMED FINE. Y'KNOW, IN AN EMO GROUPIE KINDA WAY. BUT THAT'S BETTER'N ADDICTS AND BASKET CASES.

ASK ME, THERE ARE SOME THINGS IT'S BETTER TO PUT OUT OF YOUR--

--HEAD...

DAD?

FAITH.

LOOK AT YOU.

SO GROWN UP.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I'M SOBER, KIDDO. SIX MONTHS.

RIGHT, NEVER HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE. WHAT'D YOU DO, STEAL SOMEONE'S CHIP?

LOOK, YOU GOT NO REASON TO TRUST ME. YOU WANT ME TO GO, I'LL GO. GOD KNOWS I DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE.

BUT I FINALLY TURNED IT AROUND, SWEETHEART. ALL THE BAD STUFF, I'M PUTTIN' IT BEHIND ME.

AND IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE...I WANNA TRY AND FIX THINGS BETWEEN US.

OKAY. I GET IT.

I'M IN LONDON A COUPLE MORE DAYS. YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND, MY CELL NUMBER'S THE SAME.

THE ONE IT'S ALWAYS BEEN.

FAITH...

IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS. BUT JUST SO YOU KNOW.

I DON'T SMELL ALCOHOL ON HIM.

OKAY, HE'S A *SOBER* BUM. HALLE-FRIGGIN-LUJAH.

DROP IT, ANGEL. NO WAY AM I TAKING FAMILY ADVICE FROM YOU. HOW MANY TIMES HAS *YOUR* KID CALLED? AND HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU BLOWN HIM OFF?

FOR HIS *OWN GOOD.* ALL I EVER DID WAS GET HIM HURT. COST HIM HIS CHILDHOOD AND THE CLOSEST THING HE EVER HAD TO FAMILY.

WHEN CONNOR WAS BORN I SWORE I'D GIVE HIM THE BEST LIFE I COULD. I FINALLY REALIZED THAT MEANT STAYING THE HELL OUT OF IT.

HE'S A MAN NOW, WITH HIS OWN LIFE. AND HE'S A LOT BETTER OFF WITHOUT ME IN IT.

SURE, THAT'S EASY TO SEE FROM THE *OTHER SIDE OF THE DAMN WORLD.*

FAITH...YOU'RE A GROWN WOMAN. DO WHAT YOU WANT.

ALL I'M SAYING IS, I CAN'T CHANGE WHAT I AM.

YOUR FATHER *CAN.*

DAD.

DAD!

THE EAST END.

FOR SALE

FOND MEMORIES?

I USED TO HAVE THEIR SCREAMS RUNNING THROUGH MY HEAD. LIKE AN ENDLESS LOOP.

THE OLD ME WROTE LYRICS TO GO ALONG WITH IT. THEY WERE A BIT... WELL, LET'S BE KIND AND SAY "DADAIST," SHALL WE?

I HAVEN'T BEEN BACK SINCE IT HAPPENED. IT USED TO FRIGHTEN ME. BUT NOW... IT'S JUST A HOUSE.

I'M THINKING OF BUYING IT, ACTUALLY. WHAT D'YOU THINK? A FRESH COAT OF PAINT, WINDOW SHADES...

DRUSILLA...

I'M SORRY.

WHAT I DID TO YOU...WHAT I TOOK FROM YOU...

OH, STOP.

I WAS A STUPID LITTLE GIRL WHO BELIEVED MY SECOND SIGHT WAS A CURSE. WHAT SORT OF LIFE WOULD I HAVE HAD?

SHUT AWAY IN A NUNNERY, SLOWLY SHRIVELING UP? MINISTERING TO LEPERS? PRAYING TO A GOD WHO COULDN'T BE ARSED WHETHER I LIVE OR DIE?

I'M PRECISELY WHERE I SHOULD BE.

YOU *SET ME FREE*, ANGEL.

LET ME DO THE SAME FOR YOU.

THIS...

...ISN'T FREEDOM.

CRASH

IT'S A *LOBOTOMY.*

WAK

SLRT

HNH!

WELL. YOU SAY TOMATO.

HKK--

STOP!

LEAVE HIM BE NOW. THERE'S A LOVELY BOY.

YOU ALWAYS WERE GOOD...AT HYPNOSIS. NEVER COULD...GET THE HANG OF IT MYSELF.

HE JUST NEEDS GUIDANCE. A GENTLE HAND, SHOWING HIM A BETTER WAY. LIKE YOUR BLONDE FRIEND CHANGING HOW WE VAMPIRES DO THINGS.

DO I MISS HOW IT WAS? THE THRILL OF THE HUNT...SCREAMS AND BEGGING INSTEAD OF REQUESTS TO POSE FOR PICTURES? OF COURSE.

BUT ONE MUSTN'T CLING TOO TIGHTLY TO THE OLD WAYS. LIKE YOU, ANGEL. HOARDING YOUR PAIN AND GUILT, WALLOWING IN SELF-FLAGELLATION.

BUT IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO, I WON'T FORCE YOU TO CHANGE. I'LL GIVE YOU THE CHOICE YOU DIDN'T OFFER ME.

I'LL WAIT FOR YOU TO *ASK.*

GOOD THING YOU'RE IMMORTAL.

RRIPP

YOUR FOREPLAY COULD USE SOME WORK.

I SEE YOU, ANGEL. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO.

MY MIND ISN'T THE ONLY THING THAT'S CLEARER. MY *SIGHT* IS, AS WELL.

THE TOOTH OF AMMUT. DEVOURER OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SOULS.

EVEN WITH ALL LINKS TO HER HELL DIMENSION GONE, IT'S STILL A MAGNET FOR FRAGMENTS OF THE SPIRIT.

AND YOU'VE MERGED IT WITH YOUR FLESH.

SO WHEN YOU FIND THEM, THE PIECES OF YOUR DEAD FRIEND HAVE ONLY ONE PLACE TO GO.

INTO *YOU.*

I'VE SEEN YOUR CLAIRVOYANCE IN ACTION BEFORE. I'M NOT IMPRESSED. OR INTIMIDATED.

YOU SHOULD BE ***GRATEFUL.*** I'M TRYING TO ***HELP,*** SILLY BOY.

YOU'RE PLAYING WITH FIRE. RUNNING WITH SCISSORS.

HOW MANY PIECES OF HIS SOUL DO YOU HAVE? ONE? TWO?

I'VE SEEN YOU BEHAVE LIKE HIM SEVERAL TIMES. MANNERISMS...TINY THINGS...BUT I NOTICE.

THE MORE OF HIM YOU TAKE IN, THE MORE HE TAKES SHAPE. THE LOUDER HIS VOICE BECOMES IN YOUR HEAD.

AND THERE ARE TWO IN THERE ALREADY, AREN'T THERE? YOU... AND ***ANGELUS.***

YOUR HUMAN FRIENDS IMAGINE HIM AS AN EVIL THING LOCKED AWAY IN A VAULT, WHO ONLY CREEPS OUT IF YOU LOSE YOUR SOUL. BUT I KNOW BETTER.

HE'S ***ALWAYS*** THERE. TALKING TO YOU.

THAT'S NOT TRUE.

OF COURSE IT IS. LIKE A DEVIL ON YOUR SHOULDER, WHISPERING EVIL, TEMPTING THINGS...AND MY, HE'S A PERSUASIVE ONE, ISN'T HE? HE NEVER HAD TROUBLE GETTING INTO MY KNICKERS.

ANGELUS DOESN'T EXIST. NOT AS LONG AS I HAVE A SOUL. IT'S BEEN THAT WAY FOR OVER A CENTURY.

"HAS IT REALLY, ANGEL? OR HAS THERE BEEN THE ODD LITTLE SLIP? SHALL WE LOOK INTO YOUR MIND AND SEE?

"BACK IN THE SEVENTIES, WHEN THAT CASHIER WAS SHOT IN FRONT OF YOU. WHEN YOU FED ON THE BLOOD PUMPING OUT THE LAST OF HIS LIFE.

"WHO WAS URGING YOU ON?"

THAT'S *ENOUGH.*

AND IT DOESN'T MATTER. I'M GOOD AT IGNORING PEOPLE. I'M DOING IT RIGHT NOW.

GOODBYE, DRUSILLA.

I CAN TAKE THE GUILT AWAY. FIX IT SO YOU CAN LIVE WITH KILLING THAT PONCY LIBRARIAN.

LET ME HELP YOU, ANGEL. BEFORE THIS GOES TOO FAR.

I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE VOICES IN YOUR HEAD.

THREE IS TOO MANY.

THE DAY WILL COME WHEN YOU CAN'T KEEP THEM QUIET ANY LONGER.

AND OH, WHAT A BAD DAY THAT WILL BE.

WHEN YOU WANT ME...

...YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME.

FORMER RESIDENCE OF RUPERT GILES. NOW THE HOME OF FAITH LEHANE.

I'LL BE DAMNED. ALL THIS IS *YOURS?*

YEAH. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT MOST OF IT IS.

NOT ENOUGH. I LISTEN ONLINE.

YOUR COUSIN'S PATS SEASON TICKETS FINALLY CAME THROUGH. AFTER TWELVE FRIGGIN' YEARS. YOU EVER WANT TO GO, LET ME--

NOW *THAT'S* GOTTA BE YOU.

DAMN RIGHT.

YOU GET THE SOX HERE?

WHOA.

UH, YEAH. THE LAST GUY, HE COLLECTED THESE.

PUMPKIN. C'MON. DON'T SCAM A SCAMMER.

I KNOW YOU'RE ONE'A THOSE GIRLS. WARRIOR PRINCESSES.

IT'S "SLAYERS," DAD. HOW'D YOU--

WHEN I SEEN 'EM ON T.V., I FIGURED IT OUT PRETTY QUICK. EXPLAINED A LOT.

KIND OF A RELIEF, ACTUALLY, KNOWIN' THE STUFF I SAW BACK IN THE DAY WASN'T D.T.S.

SO YOU'RE NOT, LIKE... FREAKED OUT?

AT WHAT? THAT MY LITTLE GIRL CAN KICK ANYONE'S ASS?

I WANNA HAVE A FRIGGIN' *PARTY.*

AND YOU'RE REALLY NOT DRINKING?

HERE'S THE CHIP. I DIDN'T STEAL IT, I SWEAR.

IT'S FOR REAL THIS TIME, FAITHIE.

IT'S A NEW START FOR ME.

I WAS KINDA HOPIN' IT COULD BE A NEW START FOR *US.*

DRRT DRRT

DAMMIT.

HEY, IS THIS IMPORTANT? 'CAUSE I--

OKAY. GIVE ME FIVE.

SORRY. IT'S KIND OF AN EMERGENCY.

NO SWEAT. DO WHAT YOU GOTTA DO.

JUST STAY HERE, ALL RIGHT? I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN.

DON'T RUSH ON MY ACCOUNT.

WE GOT ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD.

I'M BACK! I'M BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN!

THIS IS PAT. WHO'S THIS?

NO, I...OF COURSE I KNOW. YES, SIR. SORRY.

HEY, I MADE YOU A PROMISE, DIDN'T I?

YEAH, BUT THINGS ARE LOOKING UP NOW.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT NOTHIN'.

YOU'RE GONNA GET EXACTLY WHAT YOU ASKED FOR.

"Daddy Issues"

PART THREE

RAGH!

SKANG

THIS IS GETTING OLD.

I KNOW YOUR SQUAD DIED IN FRONT OF YOU. I'M SORRY.

BUT POUNDING ON YOUR FRIENDS ISN'T GONNA FIX IT.

THEY ATTACKED *ME.*

SO DID *YOU.*

SHE'S BEEN BEATING PEOPLE NEAR TO *DEATH!* VAMPS, DEMONS, HUMANS...SHE PUT *THREE BLOKES* IN HOSPITAL!

AND THEY CAN'T EVEN GIVE HER WHAT SHE'S AFTER!

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE TO FIND *PEARL AND NASH.*

KNK

I TOLD YOU *I'D* FIND 'EM-- *GH!*

IT'S BEEN *WEEKS!*

HNH!

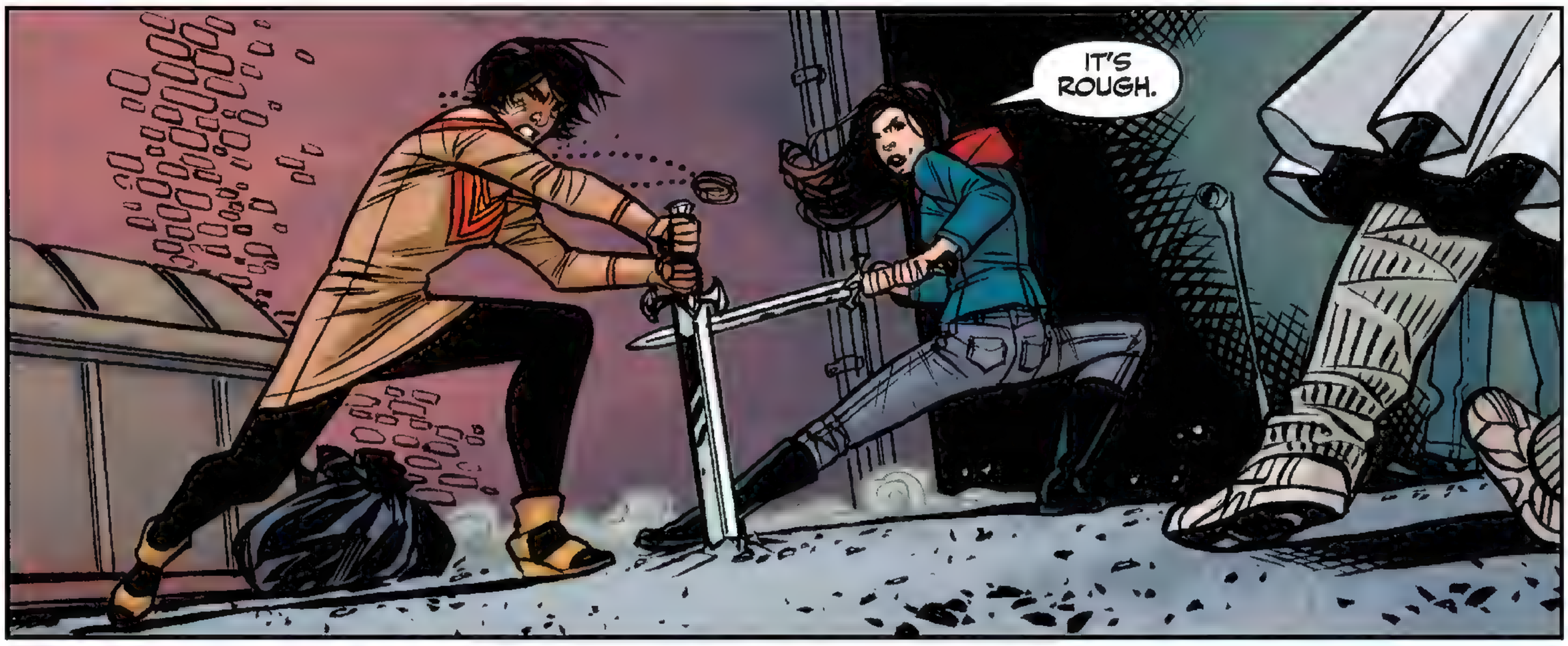
YOU'VE *NO IDEA* WHAT IT'S LIKE! *KNOWING* THEY'RE OUT THERE!

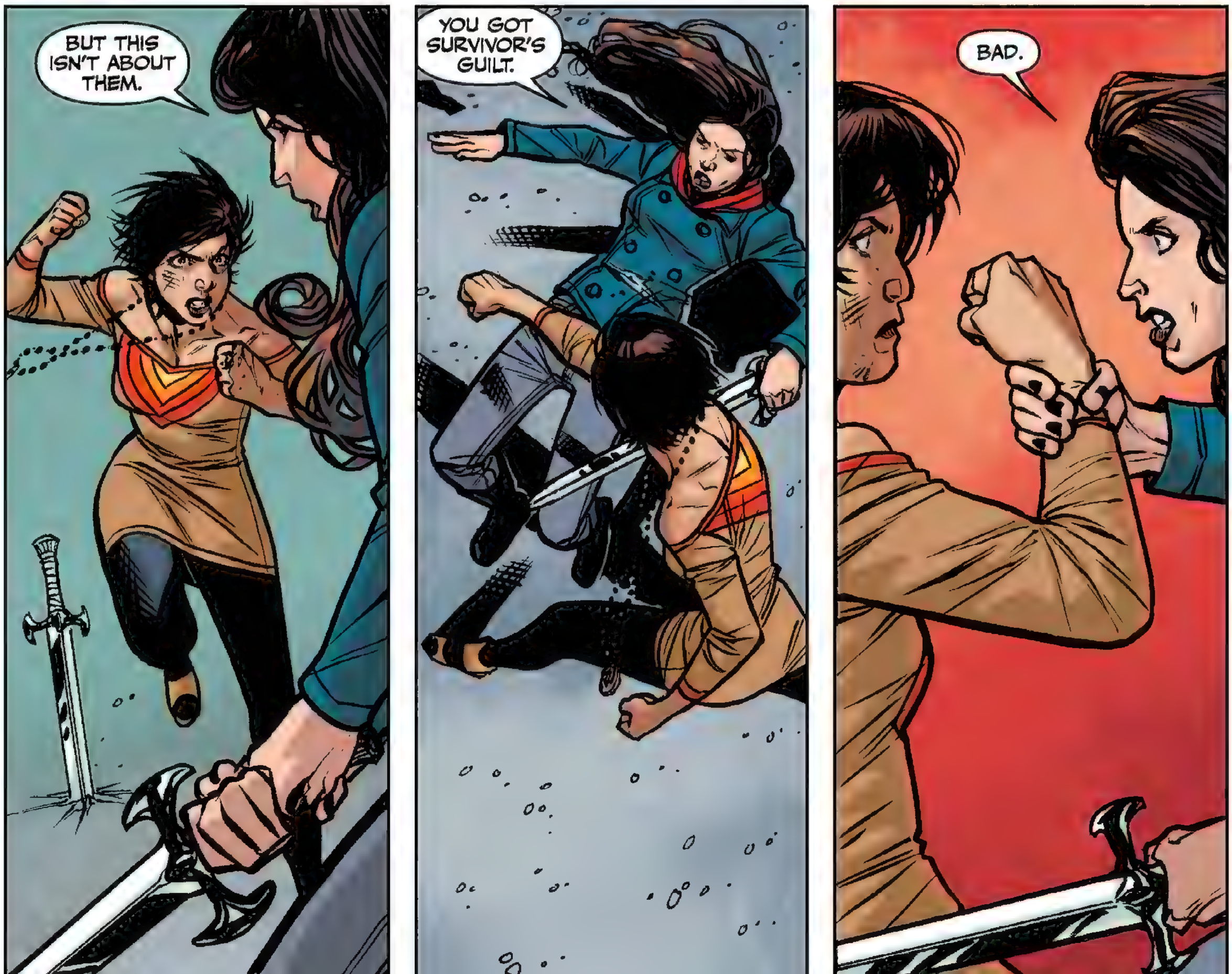
I CAN'T SLEEP! I *SEE* THEM! *KILLING MY SISTERS!*

I'M STOPPING THIS.

DON'T.

I GET IT.
SHNK


IT'S ROUGH.


BUT THIS ISN'T ABOUT THEM.
YOU GOT SURVIVOR'S GUILT.
BAD.

HGAHH!

YOU DON'T THINK YOU DESERVE FRIENDS. SO YOU'RE RUNNING 'EM ALL OFF.

BETTER THAN THEY FIGURE OUT WHAT A PIECE OF CRAP YOU ARE AND LEAVE, RIGHT?

I'VE BEEN THERE. IT'S NO FUN. IT'S ALSO STUPID AND SELFISH.

HOW D'YOU THINK YOU'LL FIND PEARL AND NASH FASTER? ALONE, OR WITH AN ARMY OF SLAYERS HELPING OUT?

YOU REALLY WANT TO AVENGE YOUR SISTERS, OR JUST PITCH FITS?

I WANT IT TO STOP.

THERE'S BETTER WAYS THAN SUICIDE BY SLAYER.

I KNOW. WE'LL FIND THOSE BASTARDS AND *KILL* THEM.

YEAH. BUT NOT WHAT I MEANT.

WHAT IF I KNEW HOW TO TAKE THE PAIN AWAY?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

IT'S NOT A MEMORY WIPE. YOU'D STILL REMEMBER. IT JUST WOULDN'T HURT ANYMORE.

YOU'RE... SERIOUS?

KRAK KR

I *WANT* IT TO HURT. I WANT TO HOLD ONTO *EXACTLY HOW IT FELT* TO WATCH THEM DIE.

I WANT IT TO *EAT* AT ME UNTIL I AVENGE THEM. THEN EAT AT ME SOME MORE SO I MAKE BLOODY SURE IT *NEVER HAPPENS AGAIN.*

YOUR SISTERS ARE *DEAD.* KEEP THIS UP, YOU WILL BE TOO.

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING. I *DO* NEED FRIENDS. PEOPLE I CAN *TRUST.*

I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THEM.

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU EITHER HAD THE BEST NIGHT OF YOUR LIFE OR THE WORST.

YOU'VE SEEN BETTER DAYS YOURSELF. SOMETHING WE NEED TO DISCUSS?

NAH. LET'S JUST--

CRASH

DAD?

FAITH.

I'LL REPLACE IT.

SCREW THE BOOZE. YOU'VE BEEN SOBER SIX MONTHS. DON'T TELL ME YOU--

I WANTED TO. WICKED BAD. THAT'S WHY I HAD TO SMASH 'EM.

AHH, FAITHIE...I'M IN TROUBLE.

WHAT KIND?

IF THE COPS ARE AFTER YOU--

HEH. I WISH.

JIMMY MULLIGAN. HANDSOME JIMMY.

I OWE HIM. *LARGE.* AND IT'S A POINT'A PRIDE WITH HIM HE DON'T LET NOBODY SLIDE.

YOU'RE IN TROUBLE WITH THE *IRISH MOB* SO YOU RUN AWAY TO *ENGLAND.* THE LEHANE GENIUS AT WORK.

SHOULD'VE KNOWN. ALL THESE YEARS, NOTHING. THEN SUDDENLY YOU FLY ACROSS AN OCEAN TO RECONNECT WITH YOUR LITTLE GIRL?

FINE. YOU GOT WHAT YOU CAME FOR. I'LL COVER IT. I CAN AFFORD IT NOW.

FAITH, YOU GOT IT WRONG.

I MEANT EVERY WORD ABOUT STARTING OVER. I'M SOBER, GOING TO MEETINGS. I WANT THINGS TO BE DIFFERENT WITH US. I'VE *CHANGED.*

BUT THIS SCUMBAG, HE WON'T LET ME. HE WANTS TO DRAG ME BACK INTO THE SEWERS WITH HIM.

HE KNOWS STUFF ABOUT ME. THINGS I DID, IN THE OLD DAYS...

HE'LL NEVER LET ME GO. NEVER.

I DIDN'T COME FOR YOUR MONEY, FAITH.

I WANT YOU TO KILL HIM.

YOU-- *WHAT?*

DAD, I KILL *VAMPIRES.* DEMONS. NOT PEOPLE.

I'M A SLAYER. NOT A MURDERER.

YEAH? SO WHAT'D YOU DO THAT STRETCH IN THE PEN FOR?

DON'T SCAM A SCAMMER, FAITHIE. YOU'RE NO ANGEL. AND JUDGIN' FROM THE FACT THAT I ONLY SEE TWO REFLECTIONS IN THE WINDOW, *ANGEL* AIN'T NO ANGEL NEITHER.

HANDSOME JIMMY, HE'S A KILLER. HE'S FILLED IN MORE HOLES AROUND BOSTON THAN THE FRIGGIN' BIG DIG.

HE AIN'T NO DEPUTY MAYOR. NO ONE'S GONNA MISS THIS GUY.

YOU DONE IT BEFORE. ONCE I KNOW ABOUT...AND WITH THAT LEHANE TEMPER, I'M GUESSIN' MORE I DON'T. ALL I'M ASKIN' IS ONE LAST TIME.

NOT FOR ME... FOR *US.*

GET OUT.

JESUS, FAITH! I KNOW I'VE BEEN A LOUSY DAD, BUT IF YOU KICK ME OUT YOU MIGHT AS WELL PUT A *BULLET* IN MY BRAIN!

JIMMY *FOUND* ME! HE'S COMING HERE! *NOW!*

THIS IS IT.

FAR AS YOU GO, JIMMY.

GET OUTTA TOWN. IS THAT LITTLE FAITHIE LEHANE? LAST TIME I SAW YOU, YOU WAS THIS HIGH, ALMOST LOST IN YER DAD'S DREW BLEDSOE JERSEY.

THAT GIRL'S GONE.

WHO'S THIS, YOUR FELLA? KIND OF A PRETTY BOY, AIN'T HE?

AND YOU'RE A BAD IRISH STEREOTYPE.

THERE'S TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND IN HERE. THAT COVERS PAT LEHANE'S DEBTS PLUS INTEREST.

YOU'RE DONE WITH HIM. FOREVER.

LOOK AT THIS GUY. I LOVE THIS GUY.

YOU LOOK HALF RETARDED, SO I'LL EXPLAIN IT SLOW. I SAY WHEN I'M DONE WITH SOMEBODY. OLD PAT, HE'S CAUSED ME A LOT OF HEADACHES OVER THE YEARS.

NOW THAT HIS KID'S RICH, AND LIVING SO CLOSE TO THE OLD COUNTRY, I'M THINKIN' IT'S HIGH TIME HE STARTS ***SOLVING*** MY PROBLEMS.

OR I COULD.

VAMPIRE!

SHOOT IT! IN THE HEAD!

THAT'S ZOMBIES.

AAGG!

ZOMBIES, VAMPIRES...

BLAM

...BLOW OFF THE HEAD, PROBLEM SOLVED.

GAHH!

OH JAYSIS!

SHUT UP. I'M STOPPING THE BLEEDING.

FAITH, CAN YOU--

CLANG

OKAY--YOU. SEE WHAT I'M DOING? TAKE OFF YOUR BELT AND DO IT TO YOURSELF. AND *YOU*--GIVE ME YOUR SHIRT.

KEEP THE PRESSURE ON. CALL AN AMBULANCE. IT'S 999 HERE.

TELL THEM ANYTHING YOU WANT EXCEPT THE TRUTH.

TAKE YOUR MONEY. GO BACK TO BOSTON. NEVER BOTHER US AGAIN.

'CAUSE WHAT I'D REALLY LIKE TO DO WITH THIS ARM IS DRINK FROM IT LIKE A HOSE.

AND IF YOU *REALLY* SCREW UP, YOU'LL DEAL WITH *HER*. WE CLEAR?

YES SIR.

GOOD.

FAITH. YOU OKAY?

I... DIDN'T EVEN THINK, I JUST...

I HEARD SCREAMING.

THEY'RE DEAD, RIGHT?

WHAT DID YOU DO?

YOU DIDN'T JUST DEAL WEED OR FENCE FOR THIS GUY.

WHAT DID YOU DO?

WHAT I HAD TO.

TO PROVIDE FOR *YOU.*

GET THE HELL OUT.

LOOK AT YOU.

GOT SOME MONEY NOW. LIVING IN ENGLAND. AND YOU THINK YOU'RE PRINCESS FRIGGIN' DI.

BUT I KNOW WHERE YOU CAME FROM.

I KNOW WHAT YOU *REALLY* ARE.

KRAK

I'M WHAT *YOU MADE ME,* YOU SON OF A BITCH.

ALL MY LIFE! LETTING PEOPLE USE ME! 'CAUSE I'M SO *DESPERATE* FOR A FAMILY THEY CAN *TASTE* IT!

YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THE *DADDY FIGURE* I PICKED IN SUNNYDALE. HE WANTED TO WIPE OUT THE WHOLE DAMN TOWN.

AND HE WAS *STILL* MORE OF A FATHER TO ME THAN *YOU!*

I *KILLED* FOR HIM. WITHOUT THINKING TWICE!

BEEN TRYING TO KID MYSELF THAT WAS A DIFFERENT PERSON...

THEN *YOU* SHOW UP.

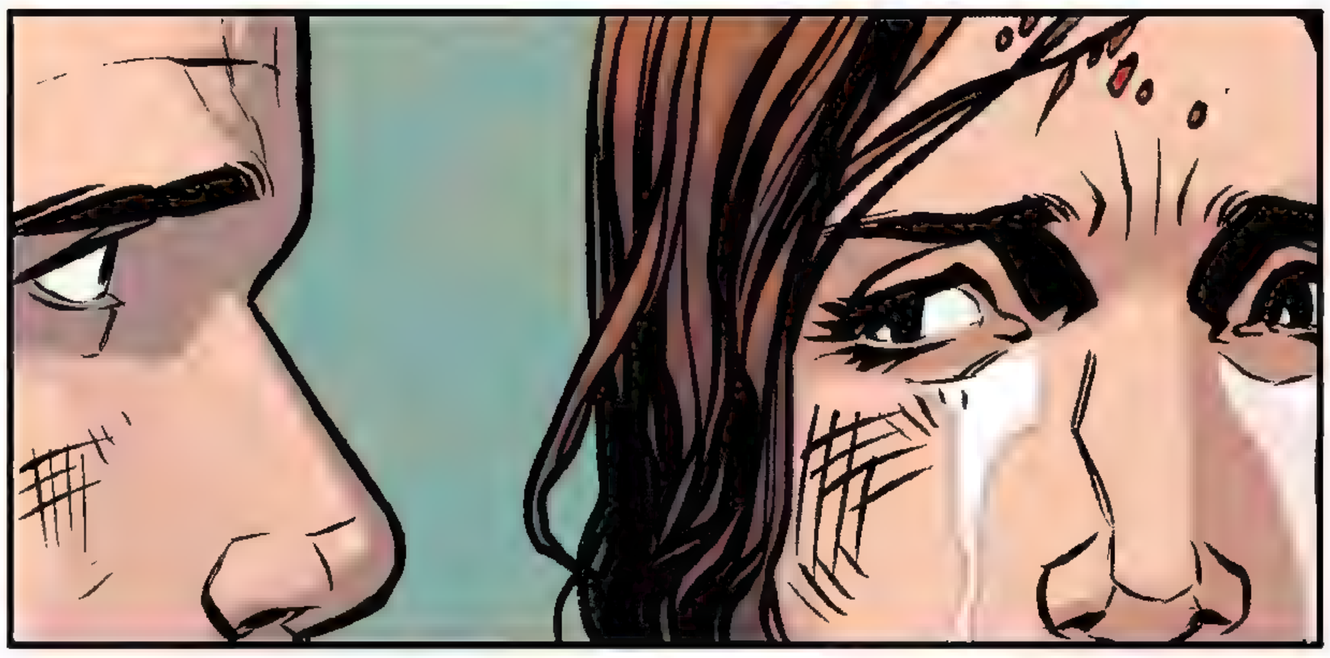
YOU'RE RIGHT. I AM WHAT I AM.

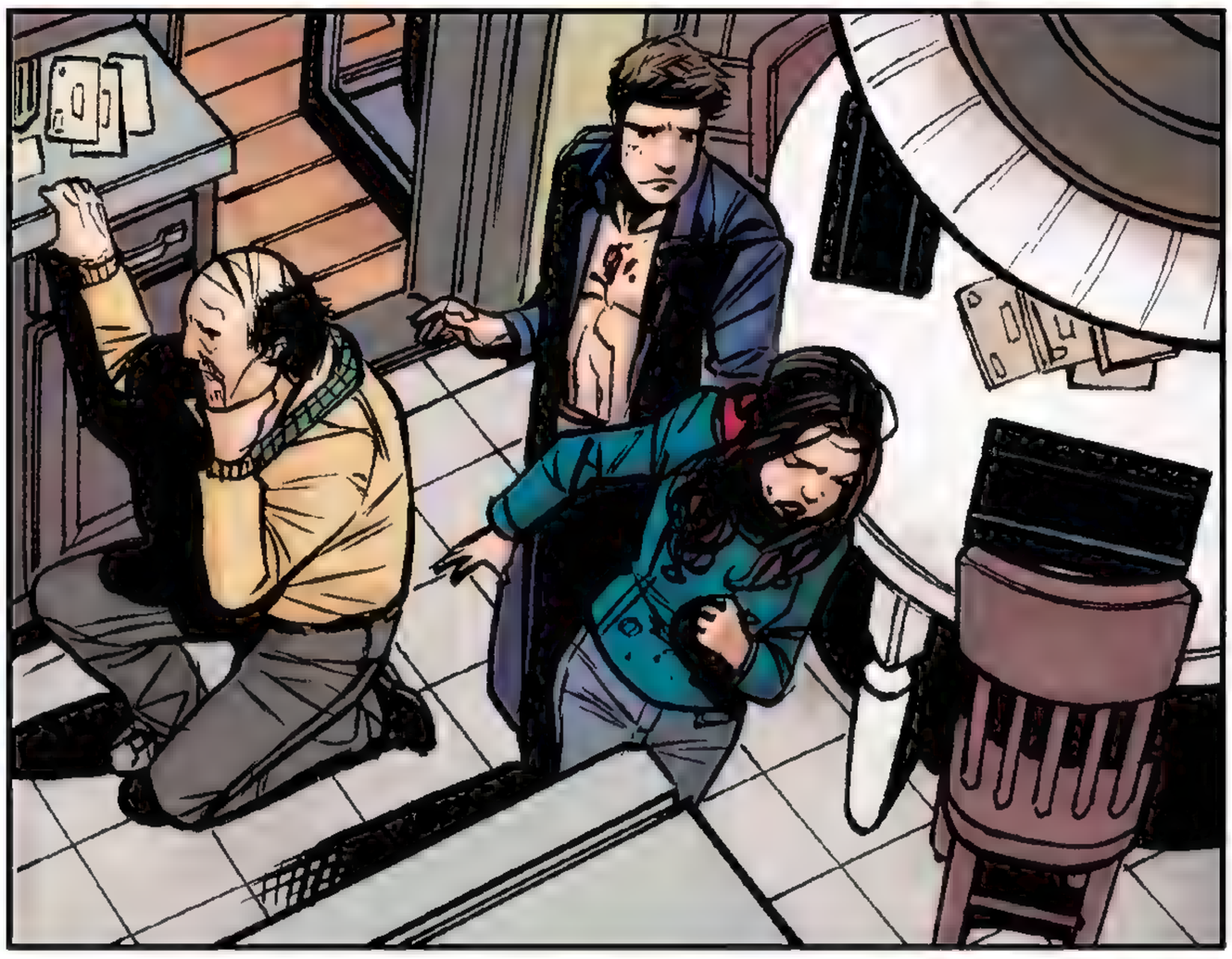
'CAUSE OF *YOU.*

AND *NOTHING* I DO WILL CHANGE THAT.

SO WHY EVEN TRY?

FAITH.





YOU EVER CONTACT HER AGAIN...
...I'LL SHOW YOU WHO I REALLY AM.

FAITH...

SUNNYDALE

FAITH?

DAMN IT.

HER GIRLS. THE SLAYERS. SHE'D GO TO THEM.

PLEASE...

SO ALL NEWLY SIRED VAMPIRES ARE THIS STUPID NOW?

YEAH... AND THIS *FERAL.*

GRRR!

WE'D BETTER INCREASE THE SIZE OF OUR PATROLS...

NOT HERE. THEN WHERE...

...CAN'T HAVE THESE BLOODSUCKERS TAKING US BY SURPRISE.

DRAKE-FIELDING'S WHITE-COLLAR-CRIMINALS BENEATH THE COLLAR

CRASH

DRUSILLA.

FAITH.

HOW I'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO YOUR VISIT.

RIGHT... YOU CAN SEE THE FUTURE.

JUST FLASHES.

BUT YES...I KNEW YOU WERE COMING.

THEN YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE?

WITH THE MADNESS GONE, MY GIFT TAKES ON A MUCH MORE EMPATHIC QUALITY.

STILL, I'D LIKE TO HEAR IT FROM YOU.

I'M TIRED.

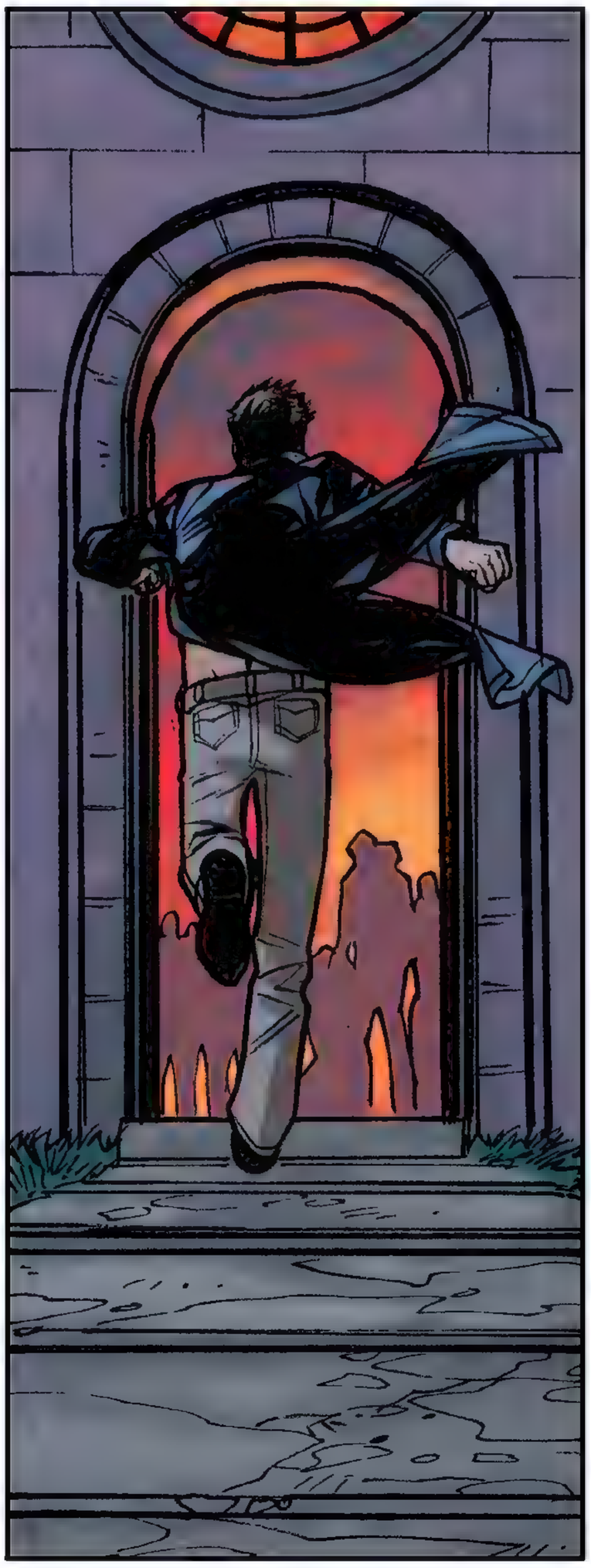
SO DAMN TIRED OF FEELING LIKE THIS.

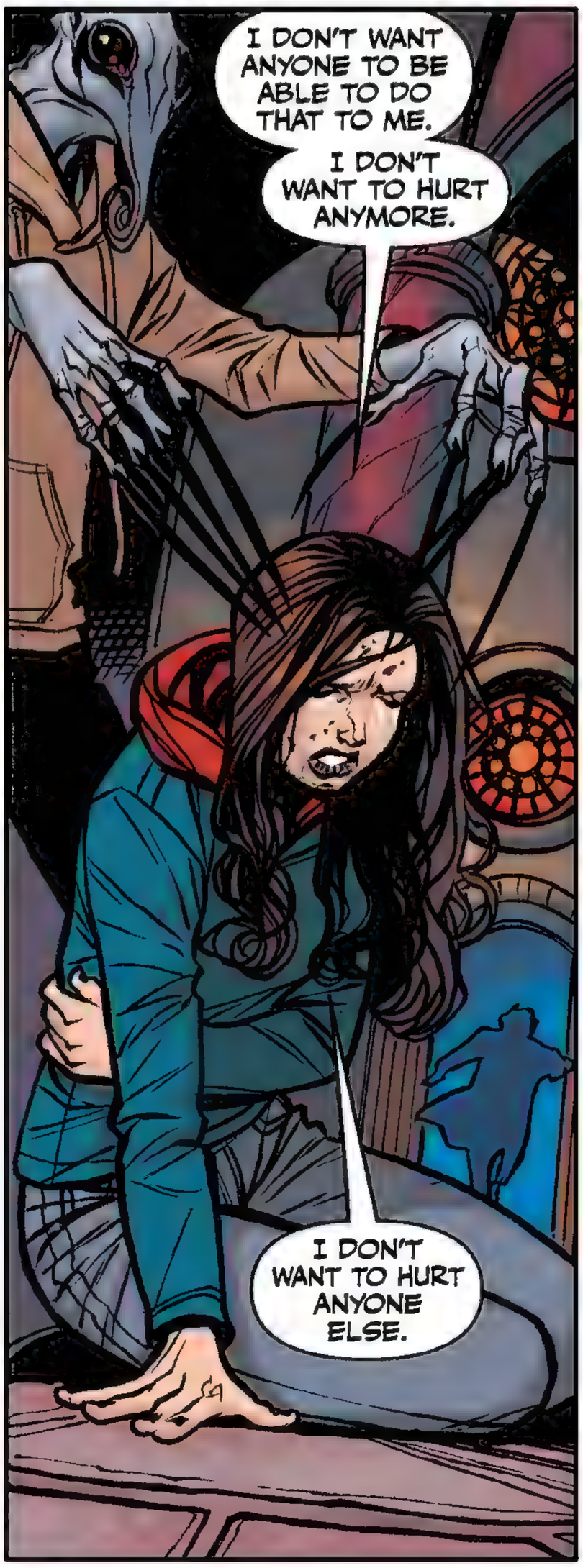
WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING TO PEOPLE.

TAKING AWAY THE PAIN...

I WANT YOU TO DO IT TO ME.

YOU'RE CERTAIN.
HELL YES. I CAN'T...I CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE.
WORK SO HARD TO GET PAST IT...GO THROUGH ALL THAT PAIN...AND THE SAME PATHETIC DADDY ISSUES KNOCK ME RIGHT BACK TO THE STARTING LINE.




I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO BE ABLE TO DO THAT TO ME.
I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYMORE.
I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE ELSE.

JUST TAKE IT ALL AWAY.

"Daddy Issues"

PART FOUR

YOU'RE *NOT* THIS PERSON ANYMORE. YOU DON'T RUN AWAY FROM THINGS. DON'T LET YOUR FATHER DO THAT TO YOU.

I KNOW YOU'RE HURTING. I KNOW IT FEELS LIKE TOO MUCH TO BEAR.

BUT YOU CAN. YOU *HAVE* TO.

ACTUALLY, IN POINT OF FACT...SHE *DOESN'T.*

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO ENJOYS TORTURING HIMSELF, ANGEL. SHE'S UNDER NO OBLIGATION TO DO THE SAME.

TELL HIM, DEAR.

TELL HIM HOW YOU FEEL NOW THAT THE TRAUMA'S BEEN REMOVED.

I...I FEEL...

I FEEL *GREAT.*

I MEAN, I REMEMBER IT ALL. MY DAD, THE MAYOR, EVERYTHING THEY DID TO ME...

...BUT I DON'T CARE.

THAT JONES FOR A FAMILY THAT ALWAYS GETS ME BURNED...THAT LITTLE VOICE SAYING I DESERVE EVERY CRAPPY THING ANYONE'S EVER DONE TO ME...

...IT'S *GONE.*

WHAT ELSE IS GONE?

A FEW YEARS AGO YOU KILLED AN INNOCENT MAN. PROFESSOR WORTH. A LONELY OLD GUY WHO NEVER BOTHERED ANYONE.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THAT?

FIVE BY FIVE?

THE MEMORIES OF WHAT I'VE DONE ARE AGONY. THE WEIGHT'S LIKE A PHYSICAL THING, CRUSHING ME...AND KEEPING ME FROM DOING IT AGAIN.

IF THERE *IS* SOME PART OF ANGELUS IN ME, THIS IS WHAT KEEPS HIM LOCKED AWAY.

IT'S WHAT PUSHES ME TO DO WHATEVER I CAN TO ATONE.

THAT KIND OF PAIN'S NOT A TRAFFIC TICKET. SOMETHING YOU TRY TO GET OUT OF.

IT'S WHAT YOU FIGHT THROUGH SO YOU CAN COME OUT STRONGER.

THIS SHORTCUT YOU TOOK DIDN'T MAKE YOU BETTER.

IT MADE YOU *LESS.*

"THE WOMAN WHO CAME TO L.A. AND TORTURED WESLEY...WHO TRIED TO GET ME TO KILL HER...

"...THAT DESPERATE, BROKEN GIRL..."

THAT'S WHO I'D EXPECT TO GIVE UP LIKE THIS.

NOT YOU.

YES, YES, WE'RE ALL QUITE AWARE HOW YOU FEEL. PAIN MAKES YOU GOOD. SUFFERING STRENGTHENS THE SOUL. IT'S ALL VERY S. AND M., ISN'T IT?

BUT YOU MISS TWO KEY POINTS, ANGEL. ONE--NOT EVERYONE HAS YOUR CAPACITY FOR SELF-FLAGELLATION. AND TWO--

IT'S TOO LATE.

EVEN IF I WANTED TO...I CAN'T UNDO IT.

COULD *HE?*

NOW YOU'RE BEING RIDICULOUS. HE'S A ***LOROPHAGE DEMON.*** THEY FEED ON TRAUMA. THEY DON'T GIVE IT ***BACK.***

BUT HE *COULD,* RIGHT?

IF YOU WANTED HIM TO.

THAT'S *QUITE* ENOUGH OF *THAT* SORT OF TALK.

KRASH

YOU WANT EVERYONE TO BE LIKE *YOU!*

A *SHATTERED, HELPLESS THING!*

SKANG

I WILL *NEVER* BE THAT AGAIN!

NONE OF US WILL!

SHRSHH

THEY ALREADY ARE.

YOU JUST BROKE THEM IN DIFFERENT WAYS.

KNCH

HNGH!

G-GET OFF HIM!

NOT TO FEAR, LITTLE ONE. WE WON'T HURT HIM.

WE'RE JUST GOING TO *FIX* HIM.

MAKE HIM LIKE *YOU.*

WON'T THAT BE NICE? HIS BURDENS LIFTED, HIS GUILT GONE?

LITTLE ANGEL, HAPPY AT LAST?

THOUGHT...YOU WERE GOING... TO GIVE ME...A *CHOICE.*

YES, WELL... YOU MADE THE *WRONG ONE.*

FAITH--

I CAN'T... FIGHT THEM ALL--

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, FAITH. HE'S NOT RIGHT IN THE HEAD. TRUST ME. *I* KNOW.

AND YOU KNOW WHAT HE'S LIKE. HE'LL NEVER STOP TORTURING HIMSELF. DON'T ***YOU*** FEEL BETTER? FREER? DON'T YOU WANT THAT FOR HIM?

I REALIZE IT'S HARD TO WATCH. BUT IT'S WHAT HE ***NEEDS.*** JUST ANOTHER MOMENT AND HE'LL BE RIGHT AS RAIN.

THERE'S A GOOD GIRL.

NNAAA--

--AAAAAA!

SHUSH, DARLING. THE MORE YOU FIGHT IT, THE MORE IT HURTS.

YOU *DO* LOVE YOUR TRAUMA, DON'T YOU? HOLDING ON SO TIGHTLY. JUST LET GO, AND IT'LL ALL BE OVER.

THEN WE CAN BE ONE BIG, HAPPY--

WHRAK!

UNGRATEFUL *WRETCH!*

AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR YOU!

YOU *USED* ME. LIKE MY DAD. LIKE *EVERYONE.*

ALMOST EVERYONE.

I MADE YOU *BETTER.* I MADE EVERYONE HERE BETTER!

ANGEL SAVED ME FROM A MEANINGLESS LIFE. A MEANINGLESS *DEATH.* I WOULD HAVE ENDED UP A WITHERED OLD NUN, LOCKED AWAY FROM THE WORLD.

INSTEAD-- IT'S MY *OYSTER.* A BANQUET, WITH ME THE GUEST OF HONOR...FOR ALL ETERNITY.

ANGEL MADE ME SOMETHING *BEAUTIFUL.*

KRNCH

I OWE HIM THIS.

I WON'T GIVE UP.

NOT UNTIL I'VE SAVED HIM THE WAY HE SAVED ME.

DRUSILLA...

...I'M SO SORRY.

SHHLUKK

SSHHHREEEEEE

WH-WHAT... SOMETHING'S *HAPPENING*...

HE WAS DOING WHAT YOU ASKED. TRYING TO DRAW OUT MY TRAUMA.

I TOOK A SHOT. THE ONLY ONE I HAD. THAT IF I TURNED HIS CLAWS ON HIM...

...HE'D DRAW OUT *HIS OWN* INSTEAD.

AND ALL HE HAD...

...CAME FROM OTHERS.

NO.

NO, ANGEL, *PLEASE!*

IT'S COMING! CAN'T YOU SEE?

SOMETHING CREEPING ITS WAY *IN!* TO YOU *AND* TO ME!

DON'T DO THIS TO ME, ANGEL.

NOT *AGAIN.*

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE...

THOUGHTS WRITHING LIKE *EELS*...MY WHOLE WORLD SO...

SO...

...LOVELY.

OH, ANGEL. I KNEW YOU'D SAVE ME.

IT WAS DREADFUL. THE WORLD WAS LIKE METAL. SO *FIRM* AND COLD.

ALL THE POSSIBILITIES LOCKED AWAY, WEEPING, AND THE KEYS MADE OF MATHS...

FAITH...ARE YOU...?

DON'T. DON'T *TOUCH* ME.

I'M SORRY. I'D NEVER HAVE DONE THIS TO YOU--OR HER--IF THERE WAS ANY OTHER WAY. BUT YOU'D HAD PART OF YOU *STOLEN*, FAITH--

I *KNOW*, GODDAMMIT. NOW *BACK OFF.*

SOMETIMES I JUST NEED YOU TO *LEAVE ME THE HELL ALONE!*

WH-WHAT'S...THIS ISN'T SUPPOSED TO *HAPPEN*...

MAKE IT STOP! *MAKE IT STOP!*

WHY IS THIS HAPPENING? WHO *DID* THIS?

THEM.

IT WAS *THEM.*

RRRAAAGGH!

DON'T HURT THEM!

I DON'T THINK *THEY'RE* THE ONES IN TROUBLE.

DRUSILLA, THEY'LL LISTEN TO YOU. CALL THEM OFF.

DRUSILLA-- I CAN STILL HELP YOU.

HELP *ME?*

POOR THING.

THERE'S NOT ENOUGH HELP FOR *YOU.*

NOW I'M *MYSELF* AGAIN, I'VE SKIPPED AHEAD IN THE BOOK. AND OH, THE AWFUL PICTURES. IT'S COMING, YOU SEE...FOR BOTH OF US.

THE PIECES COME TOGETHER IN YOUR HEART. TOO MANY VOICES. ALL THE BROKEN CHILDREN, CUTTING EACH OTHER LIKE SHARDS OF GLASS.

OH, OH, OH, THE PLACES YOU'LL GO. THE GHOSTS OF THE PAST COME TO VISIT YOU AGAIN.

AND ME AS WELL.

ALL THE KING'S HORSES AND ALL THE KING'S MEN, TOGETHER IN THE BATH...

THE DRAKE IN THE FIELD AND THE WHITE COACH...

IT'S TIME TO GO, ANGEL. I AM GONE. I CAN'T HELP YOU NOW.

IT'S ALL TORN APART. *WE'RE* TORN APART. IN THE END, WE ARE ALONE.

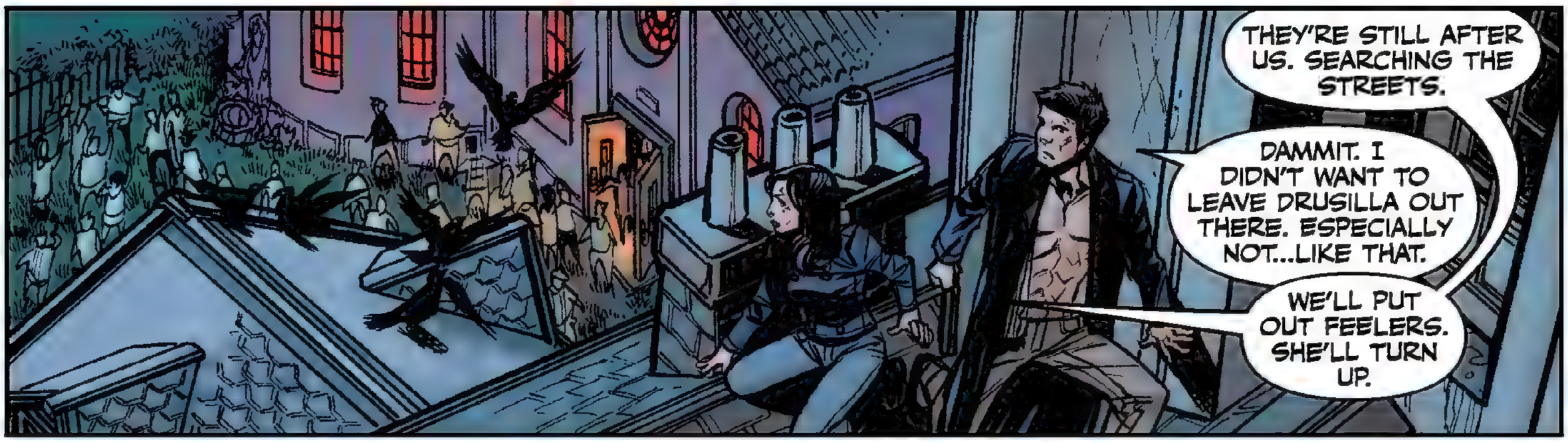
GLAD WE CLEARED THAT UP.

THEY WON'T STOP. ONLY ONE WAY TO AVOID HURTING SOMEONE.

LOOK AT 'EM. PATHETIC.

THEY'RE IN PAIN.

CRY ME A RIVER.


THEY'RE STILL AFTER US. SEARCHING THE STREETS.
DAMMIT. I DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE DRUSILLA OUT THERE. ESPECIALLY NOT...LIKE THAT.
WE'LL PUT OUT FEELERS. SHE'LL TURN UP.

YOU WORRIED FOR WHO SHE MIGHT MEET? OR FOR *HER?*
SHE'S NEVER GONNA BE *YOU,* Y'KNOW... OR EVEN *SPIKE.*
SOME PEOPLE YOU GOTTA WRITE OFF.
GOING TO DRUSILLA... THAT WASN'T YOU, FAITH.
IT WAS SEEING YOUR FATHER. WHAT HE DID TO YOU.

SOMETIMES WHEN YOU SEE SOMEONE FROM THE PAST, IT TAKES YOU RIGHT BACK.
YOU SLIP INTO OLD PATTERNS.
LIKE NOTHING'S CHANGED.

BUT THEY CAN'T TAKE AWAY WHAT YOU'VE ACCOMPLISHED.

UNLESS YOU LET THEM.

I KNOW. JESUS.

MAKING DEALS WITH DEMONS IS WACK. I *GET* IT. WON'T GO THERE AGAIN.

NOW LET'S DROP IT.

SO...WHAT PIECE OF GILES'S SOUL YOU GET THIS TIME? THE TRAUMATIZED TEENAGER?

WHAT?

COME ON. I'M UNEDUCATED, NOT STUPID. ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU GET A PIERCING? THAT STARTED *GLOWING* WHEN THE POINTY-NOSE DEMON BOUGHT IT...?

...SAME KINDA GLOW I SAW WHEN WE KILLED THE OCTOPUS THING AT THE NURSE'S HOUSE?

OKAY. *YES.*

THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS BELIEVED THERE ARE NINE PARTS TO THE SOUL. I'M NOT SURE THE NUMBER'S EXACTLY RIGHT, BUT...YEAH. I'M COLLECTING THEM ALL.

I WASN'T SURE WHAT YOU'D THINK. I KNOW YOU DON'T BELIEVE I CAN BRING HIM BACK.

I'M NOT SURE WHAT I BELIEVE ANY MORE. BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I *KNOW.*

YOU DON'T GIVE UP ON PEOPLE.

AND YOU'RE RIGHT. I DON'T EITHER.

SO LET'S DO THIS THING.

YOU MEAN--

I'M IN. DRINKING THE KOOL-AID. ON BOARD THE RESURRECTION TRAIN.

SO LET'S HAVE IT. THE WHOLE NINE. DID I FIGURE IT ALL OUT, OR IS THERE STUFF YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD ME?

...NO.

NO, YOU'RE UP TO SPEED.

HOLD ON. WHAT I SAID ABOUT US NOT GIVING UP...I DIDN'T MEAN DRUSILLA.

SOULLESS, OKAY. CRAZY, I CAN WORK WITH. BUT SOULLESS *AND* CRAZY...THAT'S A BRIDGE TOO FAR. THE CHICK'S A MESS.

YEAH. SHE IS.

BUT BEFORE SHE MET ME, SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL.

The End

FAITH...

I SAID I'M OKAY. LIKE A HUNDRED TIMES.

CAN WE *NOT* TALK ABOUT OUR FEELINGS FOR A WHILE? DAMN, WHEN DID YOU TURN INTO OPRAH?

FAITH.

SOMEONE'S INSIDE.

CRASH!

OH, HELLO.

Vixen of a Certain Age

YOU MUST BE RUPERT'S LITTLE FRIENDS.

BE A LOVE AND TOP ME OFF, WILL YOU? THERE'S A GOOD GIRL.

WHO THE HELL *ARE* YOU?

YOU KNEW GILES?

BIT SLOW, AREN'T THEY?

I'M LAVINIA. SHE'S SOPHRONIA.

SOPHIE. WE'RE RUPERT'S AUNTS.

CLEARLY I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TOP MYSELF OFF. AH, AMERICAN MANNERS.

WELL, *GREAT-AUNTS,* TECHNICALLY.

STOP. "AUNTS" MAKES US SOUND FRUMPY ENOUGH.

SEE? THAT'S US IN THE PORTRAIT. WE'RE JUST IN FROM THE ESTATE IN BATH.

I THOUGHT GILES'S FAMILY WAS *DEAD.* HE NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT--

WE'RE IN HIS WILL, DARLING. "ALL OCCUPANTS OF THE COUNTRY HOME MAY REMAIN."

I THOUGHT HE MEANT THE *HORSES.*

SO..."GREAT-AUNTS." BUT YOU LOOK YOUNGER THAN ME. I'M GUESSING MAGIC.

OF COURSE. MYSTIC TALENT RUNS IN OUR BLOODLINE, AND WE WERE QUITE BLESSED. USED IT TO STAY LIKE THIS.

NOT ***EVERYONE*** IN THE FAMILY EQUATES PROFICIENCY IN THE ARTS WITH BEING A DREADFUL BORE.

LISTEN...THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW. ABOUT GILES.

YOU KILLED HIM. YES, I'M QUITE AWARE OF IT.

I UNDERSTAND MAGIC. YOU DIDN'T MEAN IT. I WON'T HOLD IT AGAINST YOU.

I...APPRECIATE THAT, BUT IT'S NOT AS SIMPLE AS BEING POSSESSED. I MADE CHOICES--

DEAR BOY, WHEN YOU LIVE BY MAGIC, YOU ARE LIKELY TO DIE BY IT. RUPERT KNEW THAT, AND HAD MADE PEACE WITH IT.

IF YOU SIMPLY ***MUST*** FEEL GUILTY ABOUT SOMETHING, THERE'S ALWAYS YOUR HAIR.

SO. UM. I GUESS YOU'RE HERE FOR SHOPPING OR WHATEVER.

GUEST ROOM'S UPSTAIRS. STAY OUT OF OUR WAY, WE'LL STAY OUTTA YOURS.

ACTUALLY, THERE *IS* ONE OTHER MATTER. THE END OF MAGIC HAS HAD A CONSEQUENCE WE DIDN'T EXPECT.

CRASH!

HOW DREADFULLY MONTY PYTHON.

LAVINIA FAIRWEATHER! THE TIME HAS COME *AT LAST!* YOUR LIFE AND *SOUL* ARE FORFEIT!

KRNCH

YOU FORGOT TO KNOCK.

HRRAHH

LITTLE HELP HERE?

I KNOW MAGIC'S GONE, BUT WITH YOUR POWER YOU MUST HAVE SOME TRICKS UP YOUR SLEEVES.

YOU MEAN *FIGHTING?* GOD, NO.

WE HAD OTHER PRIORITIES.

DARLING. IF YOU'RE YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL, AND RICH...

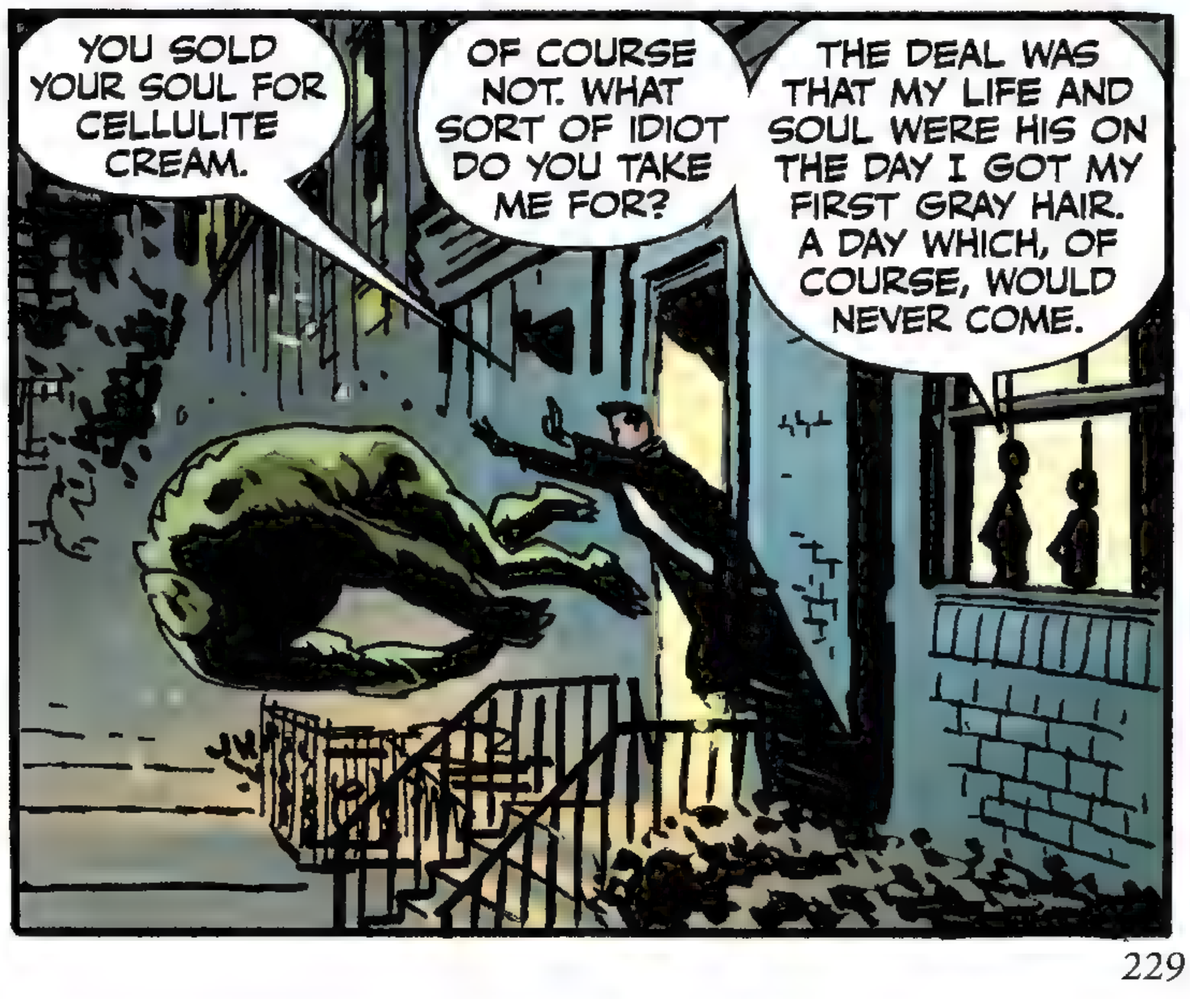
...WHAT MORE *POWER* DO YOU NEED?

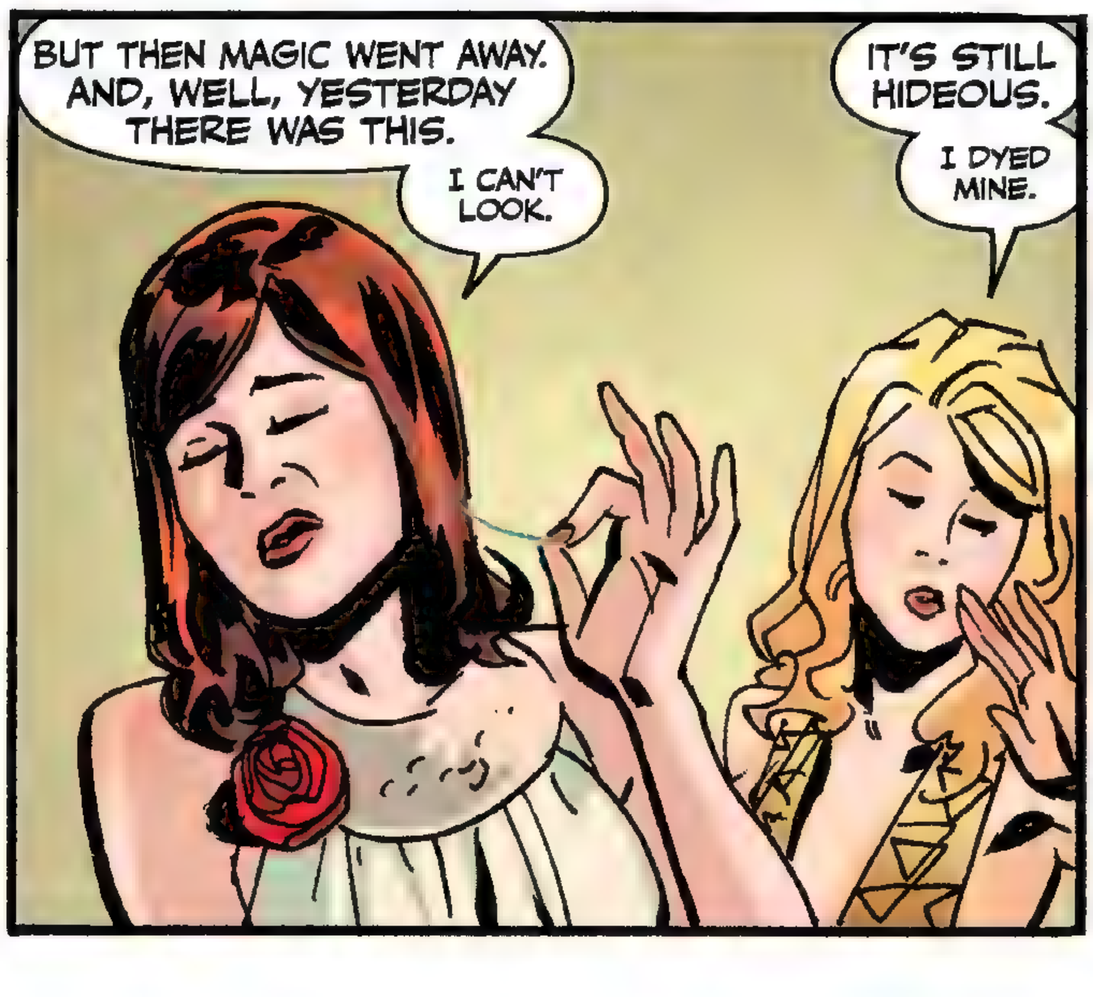
YOU WASTED ALL THAT POWER--

--ON STAYING *YOUNG?*

ON THREE.
ONE...
...TWO...
THREE!
SHKK

OKAY, WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT ABOUT?
OH...I KIND OF PROMISED HIM MY SOUL. IN EXCHANGE FOR A SALVE THAT BANISHES CELLULITE. WORKED LIKE A CHARM.


YOU SOLD YOUR SOUL FOR CELLULITE CREAM.
OF COURSE NOT. WHAT SORT OF IDIOT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR?
THE DEAL WAS THAT MY LIFE AND SOUL WERE HIS ON THE DAY I GOT MY FIRST GRAY HAIR. A DAY WHICH, OF COURSE, WOULD NEVER COME.


BUT THEN MAGIC WENT AWAY. AND, WELL, YESTERDAY THERE WAS THIS.
I CAN'T LOOK.
IT'S STILL HIDEOUS.
I DYED MINE.

SINCE THE END OF MAGIC IS *YOUR* FAULT, IT ONLY SEEMED RIGHT YOU SOLVE THE PROBLEM.

UH-HUH. Y'KNOW WHAT? EVEN *I'M* NOT ABOUT TO TAKE THE BLAME FOR THIS.

OKAY, WE SMOKED HIM. GET THE HELL OUT AND WE'LL CALL IT EVEN.

YES. WELL. THE THING IS, YOU SEE...

...WE MADE THAT SORT OF DEAL QUITE A LOT.

HOW MANY--

HACK

--OH.

DID GILES HATE YOU AS MUCH AS I DO?

OH, RATHER MORE, I SHOULD THINK.

IT'S A MUCOID. A BIT LIKE A SLUG. POUR SALT ON IT.

GO IN THE KITCHEN AND GET US SOME!

HH. I HAVE TO DO *EVERYTHING.*

LOOK, ALL I NEED IS THEIR *HEADS*, FOR MY TROPHY WALL. YOU CAN HAVE THE MEATY PARTS.

PASS.

I CAN'T *BELIEVE* YOU HAD THE NERVE TO COME HERE! THAT POTION WAS SUPPOSED TO GIVE ME SIX-PACK ABS!

DOES THIS LOOK LIKE A SIX-PACK TO YOU?

LOOK, LET'S FACE IT, I'M NOT GONNA FIGHT YOU. BUT IT JUST DOESN'T SEEM FAIR.

I GIVE LAVINIA THE TALISMAN OF HORKOTH, WHICH LETS HER SMOKE WITHOUT GETTING CANCER, AND ALL I ASK IS ONE KISS, WAY IN THE FUTURE. AND NOW I DON'T EVEN GET THAT?

Y'KNOW WHAT, SISTER, THIS TIME YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.

YOU'RE ALL HORRIBLE.

HOW ABOUT A CEASE-FIRE? I DON'T WANT TO MISS THIS.

HEY, YOU AND ME BOTH, BROTHER.

OOH, INVENTIVE USE OF TONGUE. BRAVO.

YOU SURE YOU WANT TO DO THAT NOW? THAT'S THE LAST OF THE SPARE DOORS.

GOOD. 'CAUSE SOMETHING'S BEEN BUGGING ME.

NO NEW VISITORS FOR TEN MINUTES. I THINK IT'S OVER.

GILES NEVER SAID *WORD ONE* ABOUT YOU TWO. *NEVER.*

BUT HE HAD YOUR PICTURE ON THE WALL, SO OBVIOUSLY HE DIDN'T TOTALLY DESPISE YOU.

I JUST SLICED UP TWENTY MONSTERS FOR YOU. I WANNA KNOW THE FAMILY DRAMA.

RUPERT HAD A... *DIFFERING VIEW* OF HOW ONE SHOULD EMPLOY ONE'S MYSTICAL GIFTS.

ALL THAT HONOR AND DUTY NONSENSE HE GOT FROM OUR SISTER.

OH, RUPERT ADORED HIS GRAN EDNA. THOUGHT SHE WAS SO BLOODY MORALLY SUPERIOR JUST BECAUSE SHE GOT WRINKLY AND DIED.

THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT. I'VE BEEN READING THE WATCHER'S FILES. BETWEEN THE LINES, SOMETIMES.

GILES MENTIONED YOU HERE AND THERE. "CONSULTING THE GIRLS," IS HOW HE PUT IT. SEEMED LIKE A SORE SUBJECT...AND THIS IS A GUY WHO'S PRETTY UP FRONT ABOUT HIS MISTAKES.

TELL US THE WHOLE STORY. WE EARNED IT.

HH.

HE WANTED TO BE A FIGHTER PILOT. DID YOU KNOW THAT?

RUPERT! BLOODY HELL, YOU ALMOST CAUGHT YOUR TOY ON MY MARY QUANT MINI! AGAIN!

SHOULD'VE NAMED THE LITTLE BLIGHTER "RIPPER."

RRRRAAAWWW!

COME ALONG NOW, RUPERT. YOUR SPITFIRE WILL HAVE MORE ROOM FOR MANEUVERS UPSTAIRS.

IT'S NOT A SPITFIRE, FATHER. IT'S A MOSQUITO!

HEH. KNOWS 'EM INSIDE AND OUT, HE DOES.

RIGHT, BACK TO OUR DISCUSSION...

THE DISCUSSION WAS *OVER.* THE WATCHERS' COUNCIL WOULD *NEVER* APPROVE ENTRUSTING THE SHARD OF STRONNOS TO THE LIKES OF YOU.

YES, WELL, WE'RE NOT *ASKING* THE RUDDY WATCHERS' COUNCIL, ARE WE, EDNA? WE'RE ASKING OUR *SISTER* AND *NEPHEW.*

AUNTIE, YOU MUST UNDERSTAND--

DON'T CALL HER "AUNTIE." SHE'S *TRYING* TO MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE A CHILD DISOBEYING HIS ELDERS. DON'T PLAY INTO IT.

THE SHARD IS FAR TOO DANGEROUS TO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF--THAT IS--

WHAT MY SON IS TRYING TO SAY IS THAT YOU HAVE NEVER IN YOUR LIVES PERFORMED A SINGLE RESPONSIBLE ACT WITH YOUR "GIFTS."

NOR WILL YOU REVEAL WHAT YOU WANT WITH THE SHARD--ONE OF THE MORE *DEADLY* OBJECTS IN THE COUNCIL'S ARMORY, WHICH CAN CONVERT *MATTER* INTO *ENERGY.*

PERHAPS WE LACK THE RAW POWER TO TAP IT OURSELVES, BUT WE CAN CERTAINLY KEEP IT OUT OF THE HANDS OF FLIGHTY DILETTANTES LIKE YOU.

WE HAVE A *GRAND AND NOBLE* PURPOSE, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW.

OH? WHAT? REMOVING THAT EXTRA TEN POUNDS YOU'VE ACCUMULATED AROUND YOUR MIDDLE?

TAKE THAT *BACK,* YOU WRINKLED OLD *PRUNE!*

HRRMPH... AWFULLY BRIGHT IN HERE...

WHAT THE DEVIL--

THE FAIRWEATHER SISTERS SPEAK THE TRUTH.

YOU SEE, THE SHARD CAN ALSO MAKE *ENERGY* INTO *MATTER.*

THEY HOPE TO TRANSFORM THEIR LOVERS BACK TO FLESH...SEEING AS I HAVE MADE THEM BEINGS OF *LIGHT,* TRAPPED WITHIN THEIR VAIN PARAMOURS' *MIRRORS.*

A *LIGHT DEMON.* GET BACK...

GULLIBLE FOOLS. HAVEN'T YOU GUESSED WHY I DID THAT? I AM NOT SOME LOWLY CACODAEMON, CONTENT IN SPINNING VENGEFUL MORALITY PLAYS.

THE SHARD WILL GIVE MY PEOPLE *SUBSTANCE*, THAT WE MAY CONQUER YOUR PHYSICAL PLANE.

AND YOU PREENING IDIOTS LED ME STRAIGHT TO IT. I SENSE IT IN THIS VERY STRUCTURE...

AH.

I'LL SHATTER IT BEFORE I LET YOU--

HUSH.

AH!

MINE. AT LAST...

...EH?

GRAAAGH!

IT... WORKED.

I HAVE FORM! I *EXIST* IN THE PHYSICAL REALM!

I HAVE A BODY!

DON'T LOOK, RUPERT.

SHHHH

THERE'S A GOOD LAD.

GRAN? DID I... DO SOMETHING BAD?

BAD? YOU WERE ***BRILLIANT!*** DID YOU SEE, LAVINIA? THE BOY'S INHERITED OUR SKILL FOR MAGIC! NOT NEARLY AS STRONG, OF COURSE...QUITE RAW AND CLUMSY, BUT STILL...

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS ***MEANS?***

I DO.

HE SHALL HAVE TO ENTER THE WATCHERS' ACADEMY STRAIGHT AWAY. HE WILL BE A TARGET FOR BEINGS LIKE THAT, AS WELL AS A DANGER TO HIMSELF AND OTHERS.

HE MUST BE PROPERLY TRAINED.

NOW, REALLY... THAT'S NOT NECESSARY. *WE* COULD SHOW HIM--

WHAT? HOW TO REMOVE PIMPLES?

HE IS MY SON. I SHALL SEE TO HIS NEEDS.

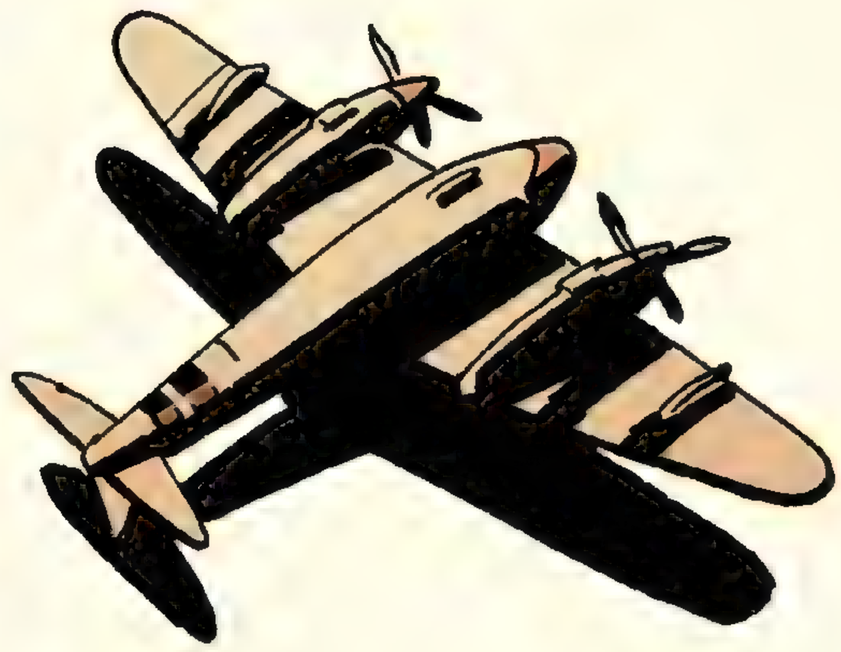
MY PLANE...

YOU WON'T NEED THAT ANY LONGER, SON.

TAKE THE BLOODY SHARD. RESTORE YOUR MEN OF THE MOMENT.

WAIT. RUPERT... COULDN'T WE--

I THINK YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH, DON'T YOU?



HIS TALENT WOULD'VE COME OUT SOONER OR LATER.

MM. BUT PERHAPS AFTER HE'D HAD A FEW MORE YEARS TO BE A CHILD.

WE KNEW FROM EDNA WHAT WATCHER ACADEMY WAS LIKE. THE THOUGHT OF SUCH A SWEET LITTLE BOY AMID ALL THAT... HORROR...

AT ANY RATE...WE FELT AN OBLIGATION TO HIM. HELPED HIM OVER THE YEARS... WITH INFORMATION, MAGICAL ITEMS, RAW POWER...

HE EVEN GOT US TO CAST A SPELL A TIME OR TWO, REMEMBER?

GOD, DON'T REMIND ME. MY FACE GOT ALL PUFFY FOR DAYS AFTER.

I'M GOING TO BRING HIM BACK.

I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT I HAVE A PLAN...

OH, OF COURSE, SWEETIE. WE ALREADY KNEW.

YOU--BUT HOW--

YOU MIGHT FIND THIS USEFUL.

THE SHARD...

WE HEAR THINGS. AND WE'RE SHALLOW, NOT STUPID.

THAT'S RUPERT'S ESSENCE AS A CHILD, I'D IMAGINE. HIS INNOCENCE. IT CERTAINLY WASN'T IN HIM AFTER THAT DAY.

HOLD UP. YOU ACTUALLY THINK THIS IS POSSIBLE? BRINGING GILES BACK FROM A NATURAL DEATH, IN A WORLD WITH NO MAGIC?

IF IT WERE POSSIBLE WITH ANYONE, IT WOULD BE RUPERT. WHY NOT TRY? I THINK IT'S A SPLENDID IDEA.

WELL, *I* THINK IT'S *DAFT.* DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE ZOMBIE JIM MORRISON INCIDENT?

REALLY, VIN. WE'VE SPENT A CENTURY GAMING THE SYSTEM... HAVING OUR CAKE AND EATING IT TOO. BUT TONIGHT PROVES THE BILL COMES DUE EVENTUALLY.

THAT'S WHAT *I*--

STILL, YOU SEEM LIKE A REASONABLY CLEVER BLOKE, DESPITE THE FOREHEAD. AND YOU BOTH SEEM TO CARE ABOUT POOR RUPERT. WHATEVER YOU DECIDE, YOU HAVE OUR BLESSING.

I'M POSITIVELY KNACKERED. SHOW ME TO MY ROOM.

UM, WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE GUEST ROOM. KIND OF SMALL. YOU COULD SHARE THE MASTER BEDROOM...FAITH, YOU CAN HAVE MINE.

Y'KNOW, I MISSED THE PART WHERE GILES LEFT THIS PLACE TO *YOU.*

OH, I COULD NEVER SHARE A ROOM WITH SOPHIE. THE WOMAN SNORES LIKE A GOLGOTHIAN PHLEGM BEAST.

SHOW ME TO *YOUR* ROOM, ANGEL. YOU AND FAITH CAN SHARE THE GUEST ROOM. IT'LL BE COZY.

I'LL TAKE THE FLOOR.

I'M SO GLAD WE FINALLY HAVE A MOMENT ALONE.

UH...I'M KIND OF...WELL, NOT SEEING ANYONE, EXACTLY. IT'S MORE THAT I'M...FREAKED OUT BY YOU.

OH, THAT'S ADORABLE. MY DEAR ANGEL, IF I WANTED TO SHAG A CORPSE, I'D HAVE GOTTEN MARRIED.

NO, THIS IS ABOUT RUPERT. YOUR PLAN TO RESURRECT HIM.

DON'T LET ANYONE TALK YOU OUT OF IT. DO WHATEVER YOU MUST.

THE WORLD NEEDS HIM. BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY...*WE* NEED HIM.

DON'T WE, DARLING?

HOW AWKWARD. I JUST REALIZED THIS MUST BE WHERE YOU AND RUPERT USED TO...WELL.

WHAT? I WASN'T ***SLEEPING*** WITH HIM!

NO, OF COURSE NOT. MIDDLE-AGED MEN LEAVE EVERYTHING THEY OWN TO YOUNG LADIES OUT OF ***FATHERLY AFFECTION.***

BUT THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT. THERE'S SOMETHING ***IMPORTANT*** I NEED TO DISCUSS WITH YOU.

THIS PLAN OF ANGEL'S... HE MEANS WELL. BUT I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU, HE'S PLAYING WITH DAMP DYNAMITE.

YOU'RE CLEARLY THE LEVEL-HEADED ONE. LET HIM PLAY THE TORTURED SOUL SEEKING REDEMPTION IF HE LIKES. BUT IF IT LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S GOING TO MAKE A DOG'S BREAKFAST OF THINGS...

...IT'S DOWN TO YOU TO STOP HIM, MY DEAR. WHATEVER IT TAKES.

EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?
FIVE BY FIVE ON MY END. YOU?
SURE, YEAH. SAME.
OH, RUPERT. I CAN FEEL YOU SCOWLING AT ME. COME NOW, LOVE.
WE HELD OUR NOSES AND LET YOU GET OLD. BUT I'LL BE BUGGERED IF WE'LL PERMIT OUR NEPHEW TO DIE LIKE SOME COMMONER WHO SLIPS IN THE BATH. NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT.
IF THERE'S A WAY TO BRING YOU BACK, ANGEL WILL FIND IT. WE'LL SEE TO THAT.
AND IF HE MUST BE STOPPED BEFORE HE DOES SOMETHING HORRID TO YOU--OR THE WORLD, I SUPPOSE--WE'LL SEE HE IS. COURTESY OF FAITH.
I KNOW WHAT YOU'D SAY. THAT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS WE'RE STILL USING PEOPLE. BUT ALL WE'RE DOING IS HELPING THEM PLAY THE ROLES THEY SO DESPERATELY WANT.
YOU WATCHED OVER PEOPLE LONG ENOUGH, DEAR BOY. IT'S TIME TO LET YOUR AUNTIES WATCH OVER YOU.
HOW LONG DO YOU THINK THEY'LL STAY?
LONGER THAN WE WANT THEM TO--
KNOCK KNOCK
OH, COME ON.

LISTEN, PAL, I'VE HAD A LONG DAY AND I DON'T HAVE THE PATIENCE TO MESS AROUND WITH YOU.

IF YOU'RE STILL THERE WHEN I OPEN THIS DOOR, I'M JUST GOING TO SNAP YOUR NECK LIKE A...

...TOOTHPICK...

UH-HUH.

KINDA YOUR WHEELHOUSE, ISN'T IT?

WILLOW?

The End

ANGEL & FAITH™

SEASON 9 SKETCHBOOK AND COVER GALLERY

Featuring art by REBEKAH ISAACS *with*

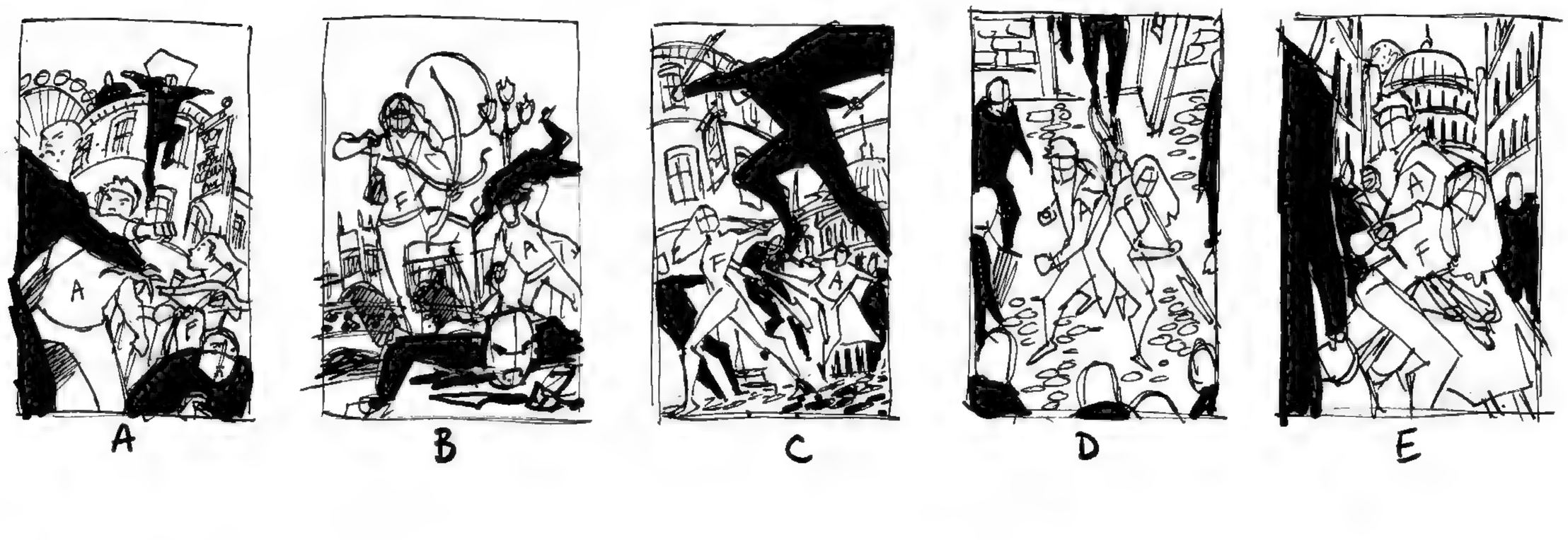
PHIL NOTO CHRIS SAMNEE JO CHEN GEORGES JEANTY STEVE MORRIS

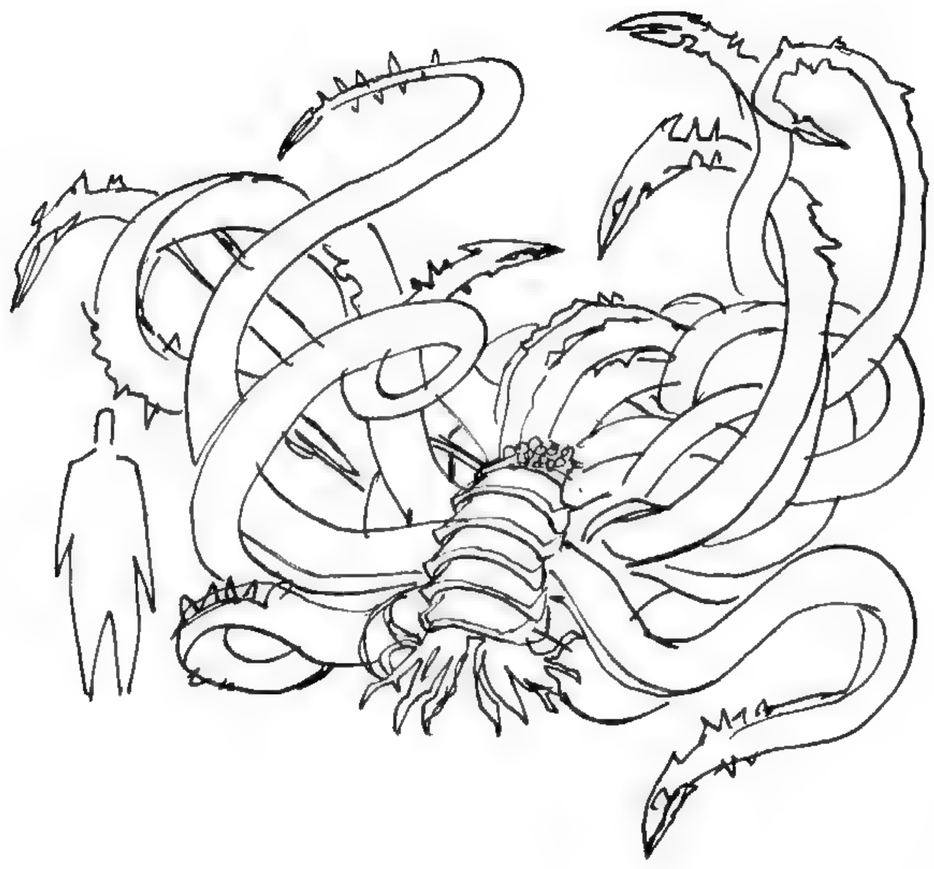
Likeness tryouts by series artist Rebekah Isaacs for Buffy, Faith, and Angel, and character studies for Giles. At top right is Phil Noto's likeness tryout for Faith, initially created for the *Dollhouse* series, for which Phil was the cover artist.

Opposite: Angel & Faith #1 variant cover art, by Jo Chen.

Thumbnail sketches and **final pencils** for *Angel & Faith* #2 **variant** cover art.

Opposite: Angel & Faith #2 **final variant** cover art. **Pencils by** Rebekah Isaacs, **inks by** Andy Owens, and **colors by** Dan Jackson.





Various designs for demons that appeared early in the first arc of the series, by Rebekah Isaacs. The first two characters below are featured on the cover of issue #2, on the previous page.

Rebekah's initial character designs for young Giles, his aunts Lavinia and Sophronia, and the troubled Slayer Nadira. Giles's aunts are based on actor Anthony Stewart Head's daughters.

Following pages: A commissioned piece of art by Rebekah Isaacs, featuring Angel. And the *Angel & Faith* #1 variant cover, celebrating Dark Horse's twenty-fifth anniversary. Pencils by Georges Jeanty, inks by Dexter Vines, and colors by JD Mettler. This cover is actually an homage to comics past, referencing the November 30, 1947, splash page from Will Eisner's *The Spirit* syndicated news strip.

R. Isaacs 2013

WILL EISNER

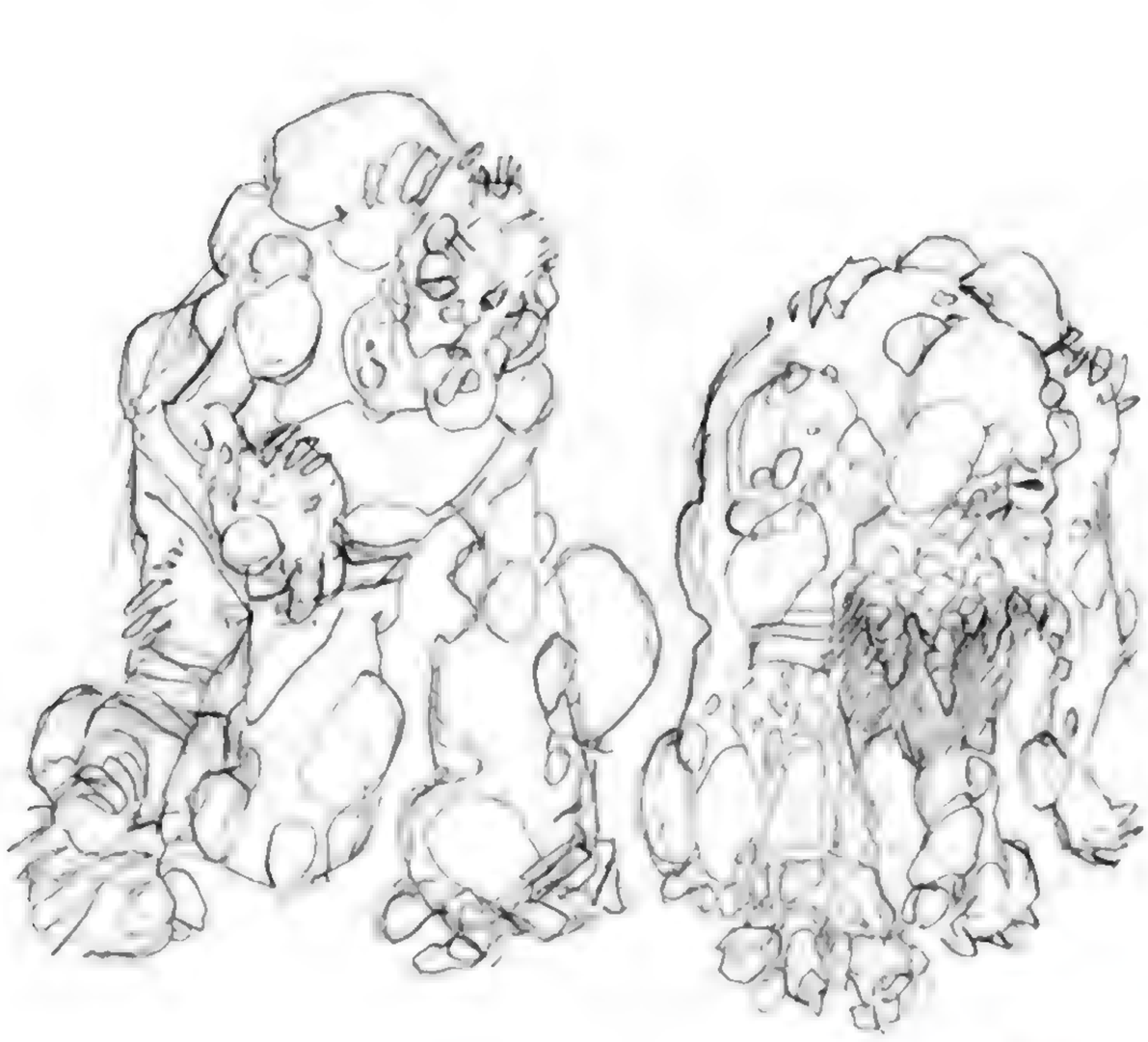
A commissioned piece of art by Rebekah Isaacs, featuring Faith.

Opposite: Angel & Faith #3 final variant cover art. Pencils and inks by Rebekah Isaacs and colors by Dan Jackson.

A commissioned piece of art by Rebekah Isaacs, featuring Giles.

Opposite: Angel & Faith #4 final variant cover art. Pencils and inks by Rebekah Isaacs and colors by Dan Jackson.

RUPERT GILES
IN LOVING MEMORY



Rebekah's designs for the lumpy victims of the mohra blood and for the creepy twins Pearl and Nash, who were introduced early as former allies of Angel/Twilight.

Opposite: Angel & Faith #5 final variant cover art. Pencils and inks by Rebekah Isaacs and colors by Dan Jackson.

£10 Bank of Harmony £10

TENPOUNDS£10TENPOUNDS£10TENPOUNDS£10TENPOUNDS£10PDU

TEN

Pounds

RA Knight

Previous pages: Angel & Faith Volume 1: *Live through This* cover art, by Steve Morris. And the *Angel & Faith* #6 final variant cover art. Pencils and inks by Rebekah Isaacs and colors by Dan Jackson.

Right: Rebekah's designs for a younger, happier Faith and her deadbeat dad, Pat Lehane. This was the first time the story dug into Faith's bumpy past.

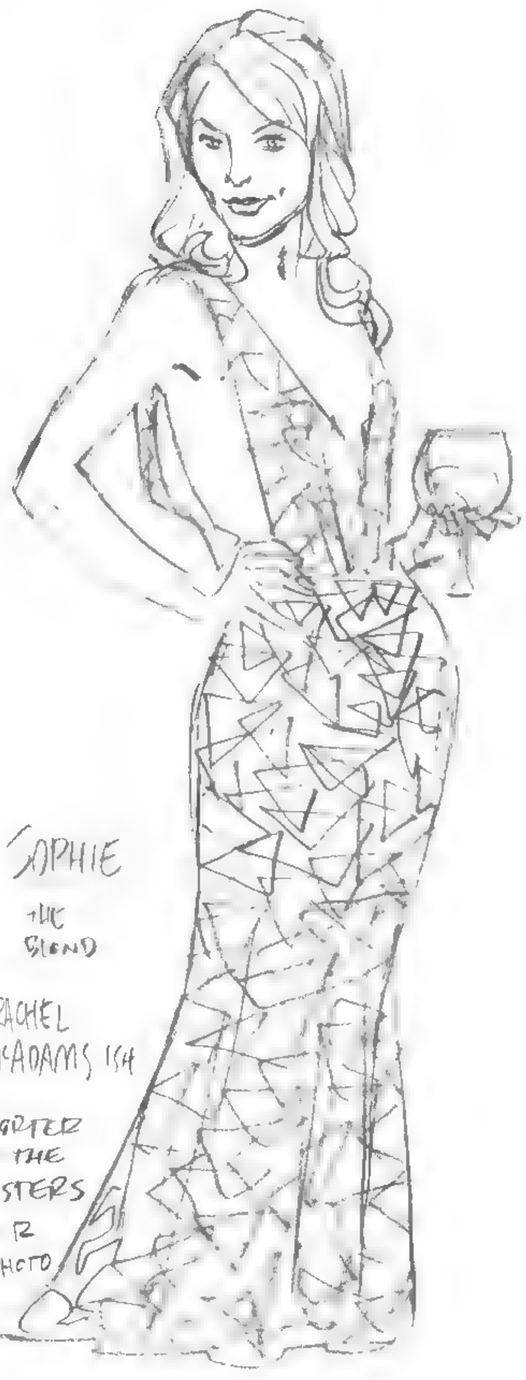
Opposite: Angel & Faith #7 final variant cover art. Pencils and inks by Rebekah Isaacs and colors by Dan Jackson.

Following pages: Pencils and the final variant cover art for *Angel & Faith* #8. Pencils and inks by Rebekah Isaacs and colors by Dan Jackson.

Jack Mulliana
SINCE 1782.
WHISKEY

Character designs by issue #10 guest artist Chris Samnee, including Giles's grandmother Edna, his father, and his two youthful aunts.

Previous pages: Pencils and the final variant cover art for *Angel & Faith* #9, introducing Drusilla. Pencils and inks by Rebekah Isaacs and colors by Dan Jackson.



Chris Samnee's likeness tryouts for Angel and Faith.

Rebekah's designs for the lorophage demon, central to the *Daddy Issues* arc.

Opposite: Angel & Faith Volume 2: *Daddy Issues* cover art, by Steve Morris.

Following pages: The issue #1 covers to the unpublished *Drusilla* series that would have been a spinoff from the second arc of *Angel & Faith*. Standard cover by Steve Morris. Variant cover pencils by Georges Jeanty, inks by Dexter Vines, and colors by Cris Peter.

A commissioned piece of art by Rebekah Isaacs, featuring Faith.

Opposite: Angel & Faith #10 final variant cover art. Pencils and inks by Rebekah Isaacs and colors by Dan Jackson.

CREATOR BIOGRAPHIES

Writer, producer, and director JOSS WHEDON began writing feature films and acting as a "script doctor" in the 1990s. He introduced the character for which he is most well known in his script for the original *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* film (1992).

In 1997 Whedon founded Mutant Enemy Productions so that he could coproduce the television series *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. The series ran from 1997 to 2003, giving birth to Whedon's cultlike fan following, and led to a spinoff series, *Angel*, as well as comics series based on both shows. In 2002, Whedon produced and wrote the television series *Firefly*, which eventually led to a feature film titled *Serenity* (2005), as well as more comics. In 2008, Whedon produced and cowrote, with his brothers Zack and Jed Whedon, and Maurissa Tancharoen, the Emmy-winning online series *Dr. Horrible's Sing-Along Blog*—again leading to a comics series. His most recently produced television work, *Dollhouse*, created with Jed Whedon and Tancharoen, premiered in 2009. He wrote and directed one of the most ambitious and successful feature films to date, *The Avengers*, based on the Marvel Comics superhero team, and is currently at work on its sequel, *Avengers: Age of Ultron*. He also directed, produced, and composed original music for a film adaptation of the Shakespeare play *Much Ado about Nothing*.

Comics written by Whedon include *Fray* and *Buffy* Seasons 8 and 9, both series based in the *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* universe, and *Sugarshock*, all for Dark Horse Comics, and *Runaways* and *Astonishing X-Men* for Marvel Comics.

CHRISTOS GAGE is a Greek American writer of comics, television, movies, graphic novels, and video games. He is a graduate of Brown University and the American Film Institute, from which he received a master's in screenwriting. In addition to writing *Angel & Faith* Season 9 and *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* Season 10 for Dark Horse, he has provided scripts for titles including *Deadshot* for DC Comics, *Red Sonja* for Dynamite, and *The Amazing Spider-Man*, *Iron Man*, and the entire forty-issue run of *Avengers Academy* for Marvel Comics, among many others. With his wife, Ruth Fletcher Gage, as a frequent collaborator, he has written for the television shows *Numb3rs* and *Law & Order: SVU*, and films including *The Breed*, *Teenage Caveman*, and *Paradox*. He has been nominated for several industry awards, and was the Breakout Talent winner of the 2007 Comics Nexus Awards.

Artist REBEKAH ISAACS, a graduate of the Savannah College of Art and Design, got her start in comics drawing *The After Hours* for the *Twilight Zone* series of graphic novels from Walker & Co. Soon after, she began as a guest artist on *Hack/Slash* for Devil's Due Publishing before working as a series artist on *Drafted* (Desperado/IDW Publishing) and a *Sheena* miniseries for Devil's Due. Her first mainstream work was a fill-in issue of *Ms. Marvel* with writer Brian Reed for Marvel Comics, immediately followed by WildStorm Comics' miniseries revival of *DV8: Gods and Monsters* with writer Brian Wood. Since then, she has worked on titles including *DMZ* (Vertigo/DC Comics), *Magus* (12 Gauge Comics), and *Captain America and the Falcon* (Marvel). She began her work in illustrating the Buffyverse with *Angel & Faith* and continues as series artist on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* Season 10. A native of Dahlonega, Georgia, Rebekah now lives in New York.

PHIL NOTO studied illustration at the Ringling School of Art and Design in Sarasota, Florida. After ten years at Walt Disney Animation working on films such as *Lilo & Stitch*, *Pocahontas*, *Mulan*, and *The Lion King*, he moved into comics, doing covers for the *Birds of Prey* series and progressing into work on titles such as *The Authority* and *Danger Girl* for DC Comics, *Avengers* and *Thunderbolts* for Marvel Comics, and *Buffy*, *Dollhouse*, and *Hellboy* for Dark Horse Comics. He also shows his large-scale paintings at galleries in the United States and Europe.

CHRIS SAMNEE has drawn comics for Dark Horse, DC, IDW, Oni Press, and Vertigo, with his work appearing in titles such as *Captain America & Bucky*, *The Rocketeer*, *American Splendor*, *Daredevil*, *Age of Heroes*, and *Serenity: The Shepherd's Tale*, written by Joss and Zack Whedon. Samnee was first published at the age of fifteen with an eight-page story contribution to the book *Big Bang Comics*, edited by Gary Carlson (Image). He was the winner of the 2011 Harvey Award for Most Promising New Talent for his work in *Thor: The Mighty Avenger* (Marvel) and a 2013 Eisner Award for Best Penciler/Inker for his work on *Daredevil* (Marvel) and *The Rocketeer: Cargo of Doom* (IDW). He lives in St. Louis, Missouri.

Published by Dark Horse Books, a division of Dark Horse Comics, Inc., 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, Oregon 97222 | DarkHorse.com
International Licensing: (503) 905-2377 | To find a comic shop in your area, call the Comic Shop Locator Service: (888) 266-4226.
First edition: March 2015 | ISBN 978-1-61655-712-6 | 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 | Printed in China

This volume reprints the comic-book series *Angel & Faith* #1–#10 from Dark Horse Comics.
This story takes place concurrently with the events of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* Season 9, created by Joss Whedon.

Special thanks to Lauren Winarski and Josh Izzo at Twentieth Century Fox, Debbie Olshan, and Daniel Kaminsky.

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"There's [a] highly enjoyable effortlessness in [Rebekah] Isaacs's pencils as she rockets through the story, a fevered pace willing you to keep up with it. She remains an excellent fit for this book and I find myself hoping we'll get a *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* crossover so we can see her take on even more Buffyverse characters."

—COMIC BOOK RESOURCES

"[*Angel & Faith*] picks up nimbly from where Season 8 left off but offers a more confined and intimate conflict."

—IGN

"*Angel & Faith* is the kind of book that will appeal even to non-*Buffy* fans."

—MAJOR SPOILERS

"I know this has a limited run, but if Gage on *Angel & Faith* could go on forever, I'd be a happy duck."

—MTV GEEK

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ANGEL & FAITH™

SEASON 9 VOLUME 1

"This series should have little problem holding the attention of *Buffy* fans."

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The supernatural world is reeling after the loss of magic in Joss Whedon's best-selling series *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* Season 8, a prelude to the events that shape *Angel & Faith*.

Having retreated to London following the traumatic events of Season 8, Angel undertakes a dangerous new quest to atone for his gravest mistake yet—the murder of one of Buffy's most trusted allies. Joining him is the rogue Slayer Faith Lehane, seeking a redemption of her own, and willing to lend a hand to assist Angel, if only to prevent him from going too far. Past, present, and potential future threats emerge as this unlikely duo struggle against real and personal demons.

Writer Christos Gage (*Avengers: The Initiative*) and series artist Rebekah Isaacs (*DV8*) launch readers into the heart of *Angel & Faith*, the newest addition to Joss Whedon's world of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*! This library edition contains the first ten issues of the series, featuring a one-shot starring vampire Harmony with art by Phil Noto, a short story featuring mysterious women from the past with art from Chris Samnee (*Serenity: Firefly Class 03-K64*), and an expanded sketchbook section from Rebekah Isaacs.

"This is a hell of a start to a new series. With an incredible creative team in place and Whedon's rich universe to play in, this is a slam-dunk."

—COMIC BOOK RESOURCES

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